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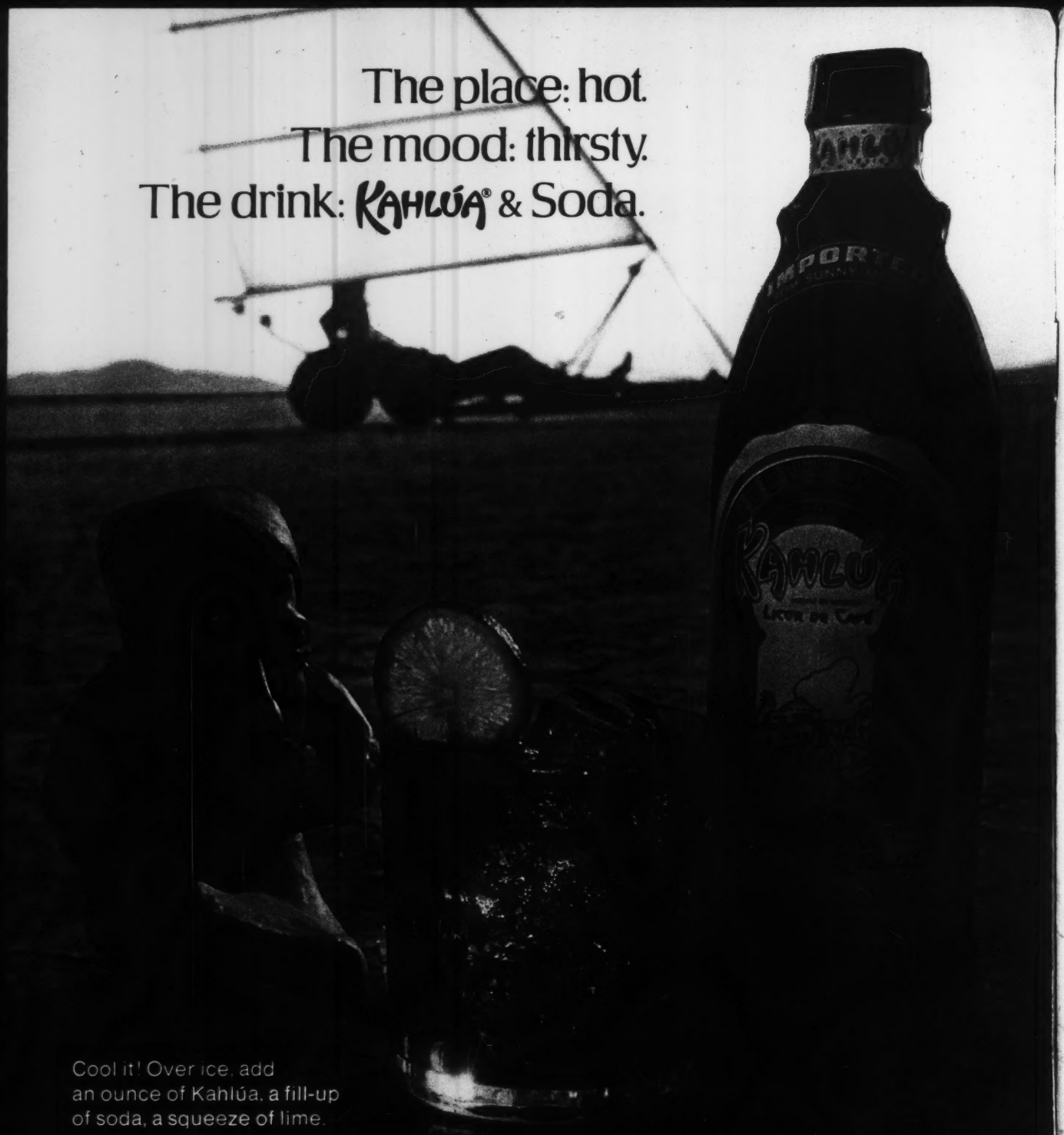

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LAW AND ORDER

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That Championship Season *In the aftermath of Notre Dame's first undefeated season in 25 years, a sex scandal has decimated the team—and threatens to destroy the school's reputation for moral superiority* **By Robert Sam Anson** 46

Footballtown, U.S.A. *In Columbus, Ohio, football is about the only thing that matters. As far as almost everyone in Columbus is concerned, that is exactly how it should be* **By Robert Vare** 52

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BEHIND THE SCENES

Reporters are forever running a considerable professional risk: caring too much about the stories they are working on. Sooner or later, they all come across a story that truly hurts to tell. Such was the case when Robert Sam Anson investigated this issue's story on a possible gang rape at Notre Dame, his alma mater. It was, he says, one of the hardest he has ever had to write.

"It was," Anson says, "like returning to a family tragedy, something that was intensely painful to look at, but something you couldn't ignore." Friends kept urging Anson to forget about the story, and, more than once during his stay in South Bend, Anson admits he was tempted to take their advice and hop the next plane back to New York.

"Notre Dame is a very emotional place—all the cliches about it really hold true," Anson says. "Several times I had to ask myself what I'd do if this were Ohio State I was dealing with."

In the end, of course, Anson stayed. "I didn't want to write just a police blotter story," he says. Whether or not a rape had been committed was, in a sense, almost beside the point. I wanted to examine the special moral responsibility of a university that claims to live by special moral standards."

And that is what he wrote. "I don't know what my friends at Notre Dame will say about the story," he says, obviously not relishing the prospect of finding out. "But the university taught me about the moral values in life, the things you couldn't compromise. I guess the trouble is I believed it."

Ironically, Notre Dame also provided Anson with his early training as a journalist. In 1966 he founded the student newspaper, *The Observer*. After graduation, he signed on with *Time*. He stayed with the magazine for five years, serving in Chicago, Los Angeles, New York and Indochina (where he was held prisoner by the North Vietnamese for three weeks) and acquiring a reputation as a first-rate reporter. He left *Time* in 1971 to write a biography of George McGovern, and eventually moved on to the Public Broadcasting Service, where he now serves as anchorman for WNET, PBS's New York affiliate.

Anson continues to write as a free lance, contributing to *Harper's, Atlantic* and *Ms* in addition to *New Times*, while also working on a book on Southeast Asia. He came across the Notre Dame story while reading the sports pages of the New York *Times*. A few phone calls later, he was heading out to South Bend, and a most difficult kind of reunion.

Neither Anson's story, nor the one that follows it on Columbus, Ohio, was originally intended to go in a law and order issue. Yet both eloquently reveal how the law can be warped by and reinterpreted through the dictates of sport. Football is so important in Columbus that the President of the United States could not visit there the other week without reference to his old football grudge against Ohio State. As for those who live there, Robert Vare reports that for more than half of the citizens, football is the number one topic of conversation. As a result, everything else takes second place—including justice. "There are some places where you can do almost anything in the name of football," writes Vare. "That is the way it is in Columbus."

George A. Hirsch

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LETTERS

Seeing Red

This is just a note to tell you how disgusted I am with your magazine. Oh, incidentally, I canceled my subscription.

You folks are sick or something. There sure is something wrong with your article writers. There (sic) sad, sadistic, having to slam the system, America. Sounds more Communistic to me than anything else.

There's a mess of Communists over here working to destroy our system, to tear it down. You could be one of them. The news media as a whole is sick, slanted just like your magazine. If you don't believe it get the Feb. 1974 issue of *Reader's Digest*—read "The Crazy Tilted World of Television News."

Charles Barton
Erie, Pa.

Gunned Down

Regarding your movie review of *Death Wish* in the Aug. 23 issue of *New Times*, I question your use of the phrase "gun fanatic" instead of maybe "violence fanatic." I am a gun owner and target shooter, and I don't like to be lumped along with the nuts of the country. I don't think I am a nut and I resent being classed as one.

I shouldn't wonder, though, with the kind of articles that are in this rag. With the paper shortage and all, why waste paper on a magazine like this? I guess there are a few over-educated idiots that will like it.

Donald V. Williams
Salem, Oregon

From Little Acorns

Your article "Today the Seed, Tomorrow the World" (September 6) almost made me want to cry. I am 23 years old. It really saddened me to know that there are parents out there who are so heartless or brainless that they would send a child to a place like The Seed.

I myself don't take drugs, and I strongly oppose them, but I believe that any parent who puts a child in a place like that is just admitting that he has failed as a parent.

Lewis F. Wilson
East Orange, N.J.

LBJ: Good by Comparison

King's piece on LBJ (August 23) was fantastic. He got into print the opinion I have held about Nixon's predecessor but was reluctant to utter in public. Among most of my political friends, only the negative aspects of Johnson and Vietnam are relevant to any characterization. I believe that LBJ was terribly wrong—even evil—about the war, but he had good notions, high ideals and a true concern for those who didn't have Bebe Rebozo's money to rely on. I admire Johnson for his devotion to the Great Society. His presidency invoked much tumult in the '60s. But if any good comes from that decade, we will have to give much credit to Lyndon Johnson.

Mr. King, thanks for giving some respectability to a view that would have gotten me expelled from Harvard should I have uttered it during my student years.

Larry Halperin
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Potshots

After reading Tony Scaduto's letter (August 23) regarding Janet Maslin's review of his book *Mick Jagger*, I have but one comment: If Tony had spent as much time learning to write as he does at pocket-ball, he might get better reviews of his junk.

John Ferguson
Turnersville, N.J.

Supreme Injustices

I thought Nina Totenberg's piece "The Supreme Court: the last plantation" (July 26) was one of the best reporting jobs I've ever seen here.

Injustice anywhere is bad; at the court it's sickening. Ms. Totenberg made a real contribution by exposing it.

Joseph Rauh
Washington, D.C.

Ed. Note: Mr. Rauh was formerly a law clerk for Justices Cardoza and Frankfurter. He now practices regularly before the U.S. Supreme Court.

Life in Glass Houses

In reference to your "Catalogue of Corruption" (September 6), the 200 officials who have run afoul of the law: My count from your list is Democrats 90, Republicans 55. Also, according to your list the great majority of those still in office are Democrats. A double standard? I'll let you figure it out.

Mrs. George Little
San Pedro, Calif.

Too Tame

New Times must stand accused of undue restraint and conservative understatement. Your alternative history edition of the Washington *Post* (August 23) was tame and euphemistic. It did not come close to portraying the damage an unchecked Nixon game plan could have inflicted on our republic.

We must have the full story on record. Too many people still believe we faced no peril and that Nixon's administration was no threat to America. The whole truth could be our forewarning. Forewarned, we would remain vigilant, and on December 31, 1983, we might celebrate the fact that Orwell's scenario is "inoperative."

I began with an accusation, but your otherwise fine issue is ample defense and has acquitted you well. Plea bargaining, in this case, is unnecessary.

Louis J. Alamia
Philadelphia, Pa.

Withdrawal Symptoms

You have a great magazine. As soon as I get a job I will very likely begin my own subscription.

However, I think you are hung up on Vietnam in particular and the consciousness and politics of the '60s in general. And please get off idiot Nixon's back. He's next in line for best forgotten national disgrace.

As Daniel Webster didn't but ought to have said, "Neither forget nor dwell on the mistakes of the past."

Chris McHugh
Stillwater, Minn.

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A baptism in Marlboro

SLOW DOWN

By James S. Kunen

Some things you can't talk about.

There is little rational discussion of the abortion issue, because at the heart of it is the nonempirical question of when a fetus attains humanity. You either believe abortion is murder, or you don't.

Since there is no common ground of concept or language, there can be no debate—only confrontation through symbols. It's color photos of dead fetuses versus coat hangers, and no holds barred.

Into this symbolic struggle walked Mrs. Carol Morreale, of Marlboro, Mass., and her baby, who were very beautiful, and thus very powerful, and thus well worth fighting over.

Marlboro is a typical New England mill town where there's little to do except labor for someone else's profit and try not to think about it. A city councilman there decided he'd like to be a state senator, and kicked off his campaign by introducing a bill to prevent any abortion clinics from opening in the city, an unlikely eventuality in any case. But this prompted Bill Baird, who has been nationally conspicuous in the battle for the rights to abortion and birth control, to come to town, saying he wanted to open a clinic there.

Mrs. Carol Morreale, 20, happened to be asked her opinion of the situation by a local reporter. She was no feminist, could fairly be called apolitical, but she had once been a volunteer taking calls on a local hotline, and knew a little about unwanted pregnancy and desperation. She said she supported Baird's right to open a clinic. Her statement appeared in the newspaper.

A couple of weeks later she and her husband, Dan, 22, former high school football player, now a district manager for an oil company, took their baby, Nathaniel, the first of two they plan, to the Immaculate Conception Church to be baptized. The parish priest, Msgr. Meehan, turned them away, saying that he could not baptize the child until such time as there was assurance that he would be "reared in the totality of the Roman Catholic belief," which he had reason to doubt so long as the mother publicly espoused a belief contrary to a fundamental tenet of the Church.

Mrs. Morreale refused to retract her support for Bill Baird.

Humberto Cardinal Medeiros of Boston stood by the parish priest.

Word spread quickly, and soon one could read of the progress of the dispute in the papers, or watch it on TV.

By wedding the question of abortion to the question of baptism, the Church had stumbled into a symbolic bind. TV found the man-on-the-street opining that for the sake of its Right to Life position, the Church was denying Life to an innocent infant. Even anti-abortion people were saying that the child should be baptized.

There was also the question of individual freedom of expression. Msgr. Meehan said that the special problem in the case of Mrs. Morreale was that "she went on public record against the teaching of the Church. Were [her stance] only privately maintained, then we might have been able to tolerate the situation."

Mrs. Morreale said that even if the Pope Himself told her to, she would not change her views, but "join another religion, or baptize the baby myself."

One Father O'Rourke, a young New York Jesuit, whom Msgr. Meehan described as "one of a new breed who's casual, contemptuous and disdainful of authority," volunteered to perform the baptism, against the will of his superiors.

Mrs. Morreale asked the priests of the Immaculate Conception if they would allow the baptism of her child by Father O'Rourke to be performed inside the church. They said no. She said, "I thought the church was for the public."

So it was that Nathaniel Morreale's baptism took place atop the steps of a locked Immaculate Conception Church.

Nearly a thousand people gathered—young mothers with many little children; halter-topped, gum-chewing teens; men in work clothes—local Catholic people mostly. It could have been a church fair crowd, except for the press of cameramen and reporters. When Mrs. Morreale arrived, looking calm and lovely and strong, most of the crowd applauded. A man who'd been passing out "Abortion is Killing" bumper stickers yelled, "Why don't you listen to your priest? He'll tell you what's right," which was where they disagreed.

Before pouring water on the infant's head, Father O'Rourke asked the crowd if they would accept the baby into "a community of love," and hundreds of voices shouted, "Yes." He asked if the community would support the parents in raising the child in the true Christian spirit, and the assembly shouted, "Yes." Then Nathaniel Ryan Morreale was cleansed of Original Sin and reborn in Christ.

Symbols shimmer and shift.

Mrs. Morreale was made a symbol of the right to choose abortion; then she symbolized the right of a child to baptism; and the rights of the individual against authority; and, finally, as she stood before a makeshift congregation with a renegade priest, locked outside of her church, she had been impressed into the fundamental symbolic struggle—the struggle over who controls the symbols: to whom do the churches belong? and to whom belong the rituals which are performed in them?

That afternoon in Marlboro, Mass., Carol Morreale symbolized the old idea that the rituals belong to whoever believes in them, and a lot of people who'd come to see her shouted, "Yes." ●

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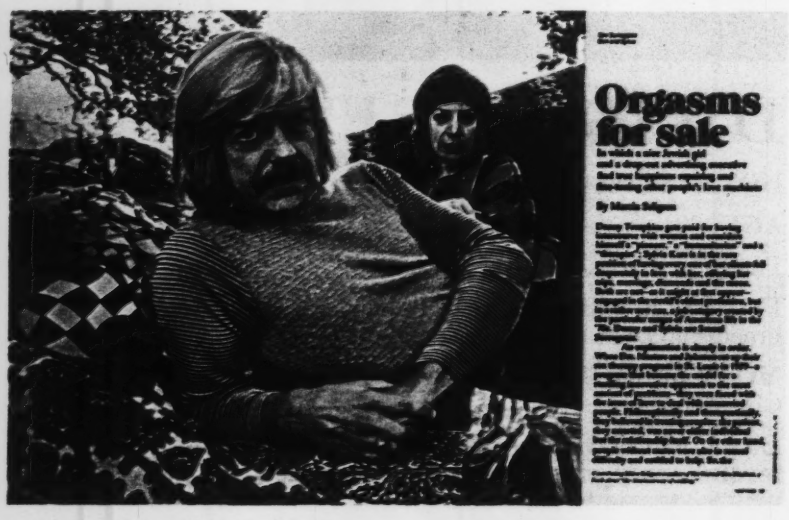

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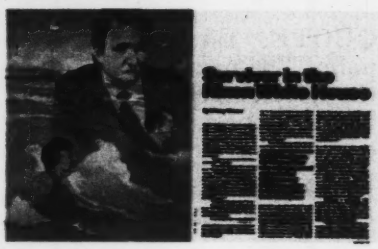

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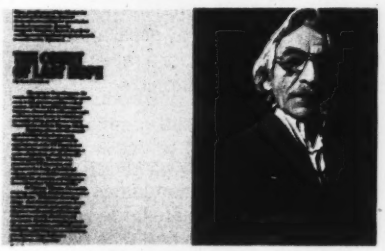

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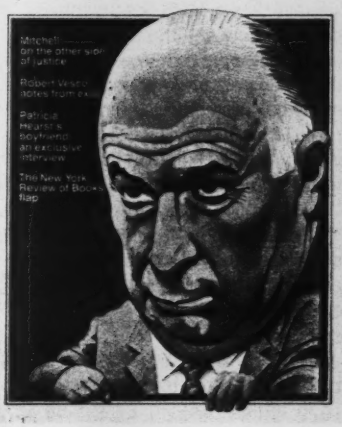

friends, and what's really going on in this country today. A big promise, but one we'd like to live up to, starting with the very next issue.

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NEW TIMES
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

CLIPPINGS

Undercover

Here comes this golden Fleetwood Cadillac limo up Mott Street in New York's Little Italy and stops in front of Godfather I. Two guys duck out to a restaurant, leaving it there to smoulder in the sun. It is parked illegally. It is a 1970 beauty: glass partition between the driver and rear seat; thick gold brocade curtain behind the glass half drawn; sun roof closed; shiny carriage hinges aft on the vinyl roof. There's one of those fake Rolls winter radiator fronts, a tire-shaped trunk lid, delicate striping and the word "Gold" in Gothic lettering on the door. The car is maybe worth $19,000. This swell machine is parked only a block away from Umberto's Clam House in which the Mafioso, Crazy Joey Gallo, was slain by bullets in April of 1972. Is this car a Mafia Don's? A hustler's? Nah. The two guys who ducked out to eat were gumshoes. The golden Caddy is an undercover machine. There, on the windshield, is a plate identifying it as belonging to the secret New York Police Intelligence Division.—from the New York *Post*

Check Those Holsters!

"Housing Police Chief Daniel Daly has urged his officers to check the condition of their service revolver holsters following an incident in which a citizen forcibly removed a housing officer's revolver from its holster." In addition to checking on whether it is worn and to assure that the locking device holds the weapon in its holster firmly, "The chief ordered his officers to wear the holster on a heavy duty belt, positioned slightly to the front where it is under the officer's full control."—from the *New York Journal of Crime & Justice*

Switch Guns

Connecticut State Police are converting from the .38 caliber pistol to the .357 magnum and will also begin using hollow-point bullets that flatten out like the dumdums forbidden by international law.—from the New York *Times*

O.K. for Agnew

Although his designation of felon forbids him to own a gun, former Vice President Spiro Agnew won permission to do so from the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Department.—from the New York *Post*

Pack Pistols

One in every 40 employees of New York City is authorized to carry a gun. More than 9,000 employees besides the police have permits to carry pistols.—from the New York *Daily News*

Murder

Louis A. Sisler, a lobbyist for the National Rifle Association, was shot to death when he answered the door of his home in Washington by assailants who claimed to be looking for a rapist.—from the San Francisco *Chronicle*

Old Friend

His Most Gracious Majesty the Lord Grimsby of Katmandu has been buried after lying in state three weeks on a silken bed. The casket was covered with 1,000 carnations, and mourners stood with bowed heads during funeral orations composed of poems by Shelley and Wordsworth. David Bates, a London antique dealer, said the funeral, which cost $3,600, was perhaps the most elegant ever held for a parrot. Lying in state, the parrot had a diamond ring on its beak, a little crown on its head and there "were silver candelabra, palm leaves and other splendid things around him," Bates said. He set a place for Lord Grimsby at mealtimes and talked with his parrot. The parrot died of an overdose of drugs Bates takes.—from the San Francisco *Chronicle*

Blescramnu This Headline

Ex-Cabbie Reced Lindbergh Passenger Namalls Sleepy

—from the Charlotte *Observer* (It *can* be deciphered. Send *NEW TIMES* your effort.)

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN WELKIS

Heavyweight lobbying on the Hill;
Gay Nazis in California

THE INSIDER

POWER POLITICS

Reform doesn't pay

You can still buy legislation in the United States Congress despite all the reform noises being made this year. The biggest case: the Energy Transportation Security Act of 1974. The act, already passed overwhelmingly by the House and now pending before the Senate, would force oil companies to use American tankers for at least 30 percent of their imports. The corporations now use U.S. ships only 4 percent of the time. Economics experts who oppose the bill point out that the higher cost of American tankers will drive up fuel costs drastically. Shipping experts add that there is no way ship construction firms can produce enough tankers to fill the quota.

So why has this bill sailed through Congress? Money, lots of it. The maritime union lobby—which includes the Seafarers' Union and the Marine Engineers Beneficial Association (MEBA)—has put together a $1.5 million war chest and is handing out political money left and right. The shipping industry has raised another $1.2 million. Alaska's Senator Mike Gravel, one of the bill's big backers, recently received a $25,000 loan from the MEBA for his campaign. One union official commented that "we don't really expect to see the money again."

Living down the impeachment hearings

The Democrat hardest hit by impeachment and the resignation of Richard Nixon may be Congressman Wayne Owens of Utah. Before the Judiciary Committee impeachment hearings began, Owens was a runaway favorite in his state's senatorial race to replace the retiring Wallace Bennett. Polls showed him running as much as 20 points ahead of his Republican opponent, Salt Lake City Mayor Jake Garn. Since that time, however, Owens' lead has shrunk to nothing and Utah polls are now predicting a Garn victory in November. The voters apparently did not take kindly to Owens' pro-impeachment pronouncements during the televised hearings. One Utah poll adds that "a lot of voters did not think he came off well vis-a-vis the other members of the committee. They thought he wasn't as articulate or as well-informed."

WIDE WORLD

Owens: odd man out

Madison Avenue in the Appalachians

The recent settlement of the coal miners strike in "bloody Harlan" Kentucky was the culmination of a year of imaginative pressure tactics brought by the newly elected United Mine Workers leadership. The UMW—once considered a graceless, strong-armed union—showed more finesse and public relations know-how than any labor group in recent memory.

At issue in the strike was whether the miners at the Brookside mine in Harlan could organize under the UMW banner and have the same contract as all other UMW mines. The Duke Power Company, owner of the Brookside mine, fought the UMW for over a year.

The union began its P.R. drive in late 1973 when it organized massive citizen campaigns against utility rate increases that Duke had requested in North and South Carolina—increases linked to the Brookside strike. One newspaper ad, for example, told the citizens of North Carolina that the Brookside strike was costing them $1 million a month.

Then in March 1974, just as Duke was about to put 5 million new shares of stock on sale, the union launched a "Dump Duke" campaign. At least 71 major institutional investors—including Duke's largest stockholder—either dumped all their Duke stock or promised not to buy any more of it.

Phase three of the union plan featured public hearings designed to draw maximum unfavorable publicity to Duke's treatment of miners in Harlan. On Aug. 22, 3,000 miners from all over the country paraded through Harlan to demonstrate their support for the strike. On Aug. 24, as negotiations between Duke and the UMW were about to get

EARL DOTTER

Harlan striker: the union did well by 'em

underway, Lawrence Jones, a 24-year-old miner, was shot in the face by a company foreman.

Five days later, word came that young Jones had died. "We told them [the Duke negotiators] that we were going to put a picture of Lawrence Jones' 16-year-old widow in full page ads in every paper in Duke's region," said one union executive. The ad would be headlined, "Diana Jones is a 16-year-old widow. Duke Power Company is the reason!" Some union officials were even contemplating bringing Jones' coffin to Duke's main headquarters in North Carolina and holding the funeral on the corporate front steps.

That did it—Duke caved in. Thus came the landmark victory for the new UMW leadership, which less than two years ago overthrew W. A. (Tony) Boyle in another historic struggle. The Harlan victory gives vast new stature to the union leadership, and ironically will probably enable more union flexibility in the upcoming national contract negotiations, which have just begun. The union no longer feels obliged to prove its strength.

Labor's love lost

Democratic strategists are more than a little concerned about the possible loss of organized labor in 1976. During the past few months, relations between the Democratic National Committee and the AFL-CIO have worsened to the point of a complete break-off of communications. George Meany is being particularly cool these days toward the top Democratic presidential possibility for 1976—Senator Edward Kennedy. Meany feels, among other things, that Kennedy has blown national health insurance—the top AFL-CIO legislative priority for this session of Congress.

Meanwhile, the Ford administration is going out of its way to curry favor with labor. President Ford is reported to have privately told Meany that Secretary of Labor Peter Brennan, with whom Meany has never been happy, is on his way out. The choice of Nelson Rockefeller for vice president was also partially aimed at labor. Rockefeller has always gotten along well with Meany and other labor leaders. "With Rocky's influence and all the troubles we're having," moaned a Democratic professional recently, "I wouldn't be at all surprised to see Ford get outright or tacit labor backing in '76."

UPI

Meany and Ted: happy days are gone again

HEALTH

Pulling rank with the reaper

Army privates are at the bottom of the heap even after they have been discharged from the Army. In a survey of nearly 10,000 World War II non-coms—men who were between the ages of 26 and 30 in 1944—Robert J. Keehn of the National Research Council, Washington, D.C., has found that the mortality among these men over the intervening years decreases stepwise with increasing rank, with more than twice as many deaths among former privates as among former sergeants. More than 17 percent of the privates have died, and 11 percent of the PFCs, but only 9 percent of the corporals and 8 percent of the sergeants. (The men have died from the same things everybody dies from—heart disease, cancer, accidents.)

"I assume that the association between rank and mortality was not direct," writes Keehn in *The Lancet*, "but rather that the likelihood of promotion was affected by certain characteristics which are also associated with the probability of survival."

Living with lead

Two years ago epidemiologists learned that many children living near a large smelter in southwestern El Paso had discernable levels of lead in their blood—levels higher than those considered indicative of "undue lead absorption" by the surgeon general (40 micrograms of lead per 100 milliliters of blood), yet not high enough to give them overt symptoms of lead poisoning. The children appeared perfectly healthy.

Now, however, investigators from the University of Texas, the state and local health departments and the U.S. Center for Disease Control in Atlanta have administered a battery of medical, neurological and psychological tests to these children—and have found that they perform significantly poorer on IQ tests. The kids, according to the investigators, have "diffuse and subtle impairment of the fine motor, perceptual, and visual perceptual skills."

Thumbs up

Are you ever confused over whether you are really right-handed or left-handed? In *The New England Journal of Medicine*, Dr. J.E. Block of the Missouri University Medical Center tells of a simple test. Hold up your thumbs side by side, and look at the base of your nails. On your dominant hand, the base of the nail is usually wider and more squared off.

THE WORD

Front-page news

In most of its particulars, the new film version of the stage classic *The Front Page* is identical to the play, but director-co-screenwriter Billy Wilder did make one notable change in dialogue. When Walter Matthau, as a salty

newspaper editor in the Chicago of the '20s, urges his star reporter to do a slam-bang job of covering a hanging, he rises to giddy verbal heights. "That guy," he rhapsodies, "will be twisting slowly, slowly in the wind."

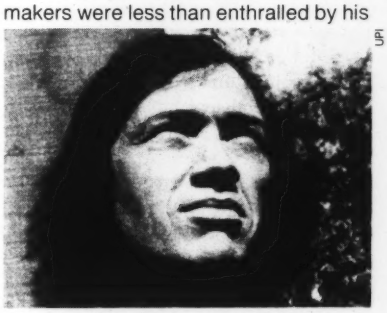
The line got an enormous laugh during the film's first sneak preview in New York.

Kung phooey

David Carradine, the barefoot boy of TV's *Kung Fu*, is unhappy. On a recent weekend, Carradine took his companion Barbara Seagull and his children, Calista and Free, out for a night at the movies. As they watched Philip Kaufman's *The White Dawn*, an austere study of white men encountering the Eskimos that climaxes in the tribe's murder of the intruders, Carradine became angrier and angrier.

"Why is it," he asked in a full-page open letter that he personally purchased for $4,600 in the Los Angeles *Times'* entertainment section, "that if a movie is not stupid, violent, dirty, silly, scary or weird, it must be sad. . . ? Is it eccentric to want to be happy? Please give me a happy ending."

Many of Carradine's fellow filmmakers were less than enthralled by his



UPI

Caradine: likes happy endings

suggestions. "Carradine is just trying to justify what he's doing," concluded director Bob Altman. "Now that he's making money, he finds himself living the life that he's always preached against."

Junta si, *Fiddler* no

In case there are any lingering doubts about the quality of the social order in post-Allende Chile, an interesting item has come out of Santiago. It seems that the junta has banned the showing of the film version of *Fiddler on the Roof*, the only nation outside the Arab world to do so. According to United Artists, which distributes the film, Chilean decision-makers were put off by two plot points, the sympathetic treatment of an anti-czarist revolutionary and the marriage of a Jew to a non-Jew.

Fiddler's creators, for their part, are bemused by the action. "I'm delighted," says lyricist Sheldon Harnick, "that the Chilean government understood the point of view of the show." "They must feel awfully weak and vulnerable," adds librettist Joseph Stein, "to be threatened by an American musical."

SEVENTIES

The boys in the bund

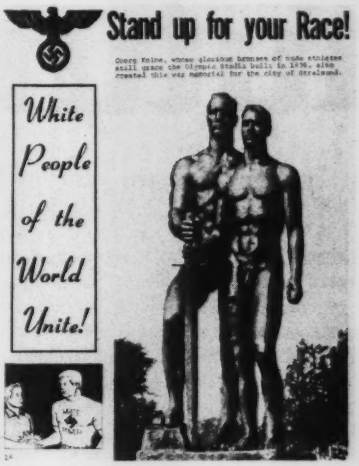
"How long we have waited, we Aryan Homophiles," begins an appreciative letter to the editor in *Kampfruf*, the organ of the National Socialist League. "How long we have waited for someone with strength and daring to wrench the wheel from those who've steered Gay Liberation hard to the Left."

That's right, a new group called the National Socialist League has emerged in California as the representative of America's Gay Nazis. Claiming membership in 25 states and several foreign countries, the NSL (whose literature features generous displays of swastikas and nude male statuary) sees itself as the spearhead of a movement destined to sweep the globe. "The white sexual nonconformist," editorializes *Kampfruf* (a word out of the Hitlerian heyday which means "battle cry"), "has a vital role to play, along with the majority of our race, in the world struggle for the survival of what can still be salvaged of our civilization."

No one quite knows how to react to the NSL. Some people laugh at it; some ignore it. A few others, notably representatives of the legit gay movement, are confused by it, a reaction the Gay Nazis relish. "We have," smirks *Kampfruf*, "aroused fear and dismay among the enemy simply by proclaiming our existence."

In actuality, the group has aroused fear and dismay exclusively among other Nazis. When the guys over at the National Socialist White People's Party in Arlington, Virginia, got wind of the NSL, they were seized with the special rage of the ideologically immaculate. "On the question of homosexuality," proclaimed the Nazi *Bulletin*, "the position of National Socialism is crystal-clear and unequivocal: *Queerism is unnatural and a sick perversion of the life instinct* . . . . When National Socialism comes to power, it is going to stamp out this perversion once and for all."

This apparently made the NSL guys feel very rotten indeed, for in a lengthy editorial entitled "Brother Against Brother," they delved deep into the history and literature of Hitler's Germany to prove that "the home-brewed ideology of these hotheads (the straight Nazis) contrasts sharply with the worldly wisdom of the Third Reich." Among the NSL's conclusions: Hitler himself not only venerated a number of unabashed homosexuals and



Page from *Kampfruf: liberated racism*

homosexual sympathizers, among them Frederick the Great, Richard Wagner and Friedrich Nietzsche, but counted on homosexuals—"recruited in the gay cabarets of Berlin—to help him seize power."

If the war between the Nazi factions appears to have been fought primarily via pamphlets, there is a good reason. Neither group often shows its face in public. *Kampfruf* operates out of a Los Angeles post office box, and new NSL members are encouraged to join the organization under false names and addresses. Indeed, applicants apparently need not even subscribe fully to the Nazi philosophy—one of the choices on the "reason for joining" section of the application is "sexual"—and from the look of the classifieds in the back of *Kampfruf*, plain gays outnumber Nazi gays by about three to two. "Am lover of masculine beauty," notes one. "Nazi sympathies somewhat inhibited by undogmatic but sincere religion."

Still, the NSL is apparently filling a need out there. The editors of *Kampfruf* have gotten out four issues in as many months and they pledge to keep it coming.

The once and future pharaoh

By Jesse Kornbluth

What can you say about a man whose birth was a news item on the front page of the New York *Times*? Say first that he is generous, that he has given as good as he got: some $20 million to art museums alone. Say that he can be charming, as when, at a niece's debutante party, he introduced himself with an ironic grin: "Hi, I'm an uncle." Say that his private acts of goodness—like making his plane available for a group of Puerto Rican kids his brother invited up to the family compound in Maine—are simply characteristic of his family's dedication to "the battle for righteousness in all walks of life" (his mother's words). Say, if you're putting out the standard 1974 media line about him, that he will make an extraordinary "Assistant President" for a man thrust into the top job without any real qualifications for it. Say that he will be an honest and confidence-inspiring example for us in those much-tarnished offices, for, as the House Republican leader noted, "He's got so much money there would be no point in cheating."

True, but irrelevant—as is so much of the praise that's being heaped upon Nelson Rockefeller this season; the "dash of glamour and dollop of high style" he brings to Ford's "homespun" presidency has no connection at all with the remote and paternalistic face he has been showing to New Yorkers lo these many years. The "provincial from the heartlands" and the "omni-talented" aristocrat are media creations—our Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, who feature in the new national soap opera of "healing" and "renewal." God bless Rockefeller: he said he'd never take the vice presidency, and now a humble "mix of bubbly public spirit and faded private hope" have him running to Washington, his knees quivering while Ford nominates him.

It's a beautiful and touching scenario, but it doesn't have legs: no matter how much he dissembles, Nelson Rockefeller is not "stand-by equipment." Not the direct descendant of John ("God gave me my money") Rockefeller. Not the man with the prescience to hire Henry Kissinger in 1956. Not the autocrat who held a press conference two days after Attica only at the insistence of reporters—and then explained the massacre was necessary because compromise would have undermined "the fair and impartial application of the law."

Nelson Rockefeller is our most private public figure, but his buildings speak volumes

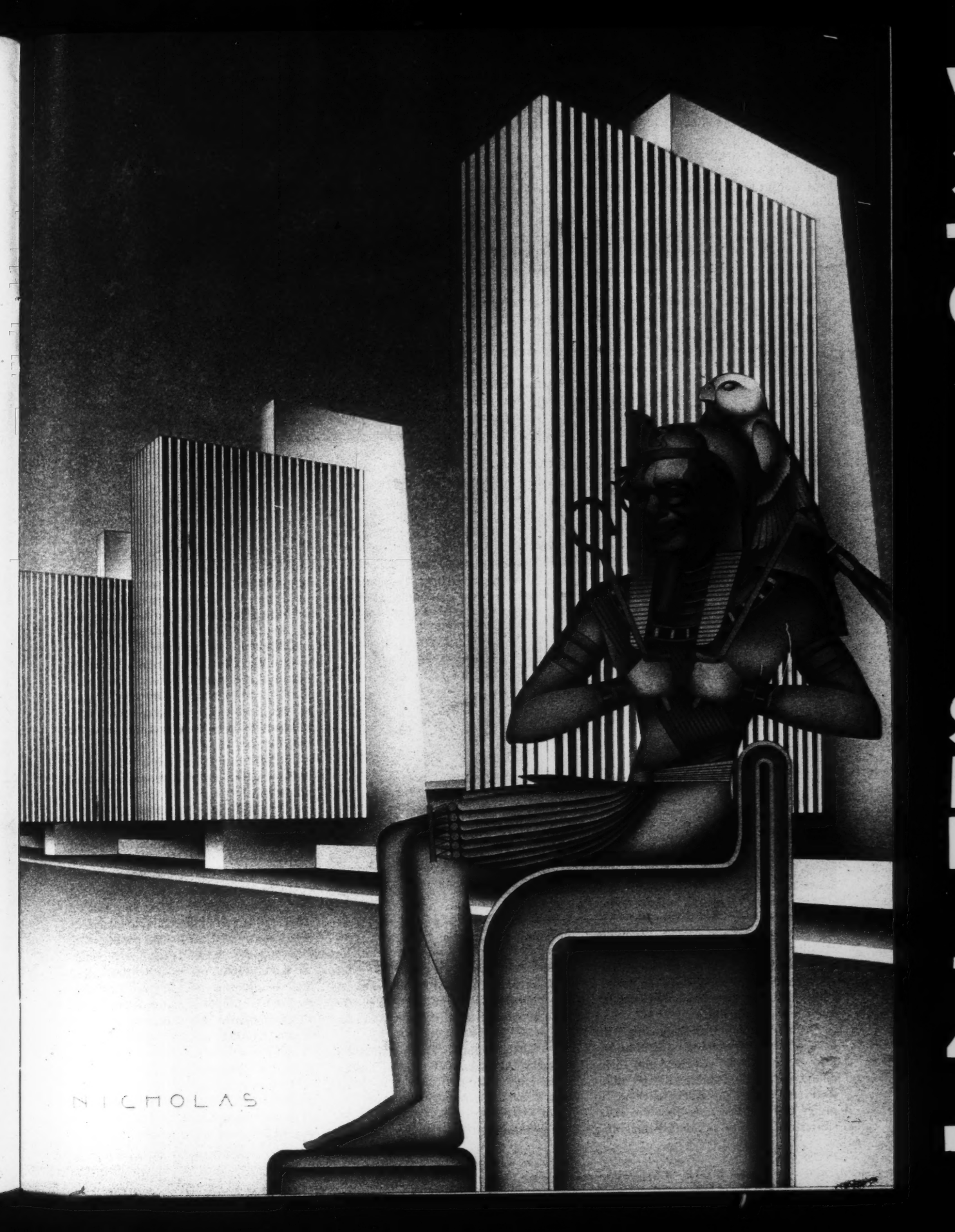
No, if you're looking for Rockefeller scenarios, a more productive region is his dark and compulsive side. See him as an American Emperor waiting impatiently for his throne, a cold and authoritarian figure whose public proclamations are deliberately banal (Rockefeller on Watergate: "This is like the Old Testament, it was visited upon us and maybe we're going to benefit from it"). Privately he is known to few; when he gives an infrequent interview, he refuses to be quoted for the record and won't say anything memorable anyway. For all his supposed ease with his money and destiny, he rarely goes farther than "Hiya, fella" and "Terrific."

A rather more likely scenario for Rockefeller begins with Agnew's resignation in October 1973. The vacancy in his office created a wedge into Nixon; regardless of Agnew's successor, the prospect of an impeachment process improved. That replacement could never have been Rockefeller, but Ford would be an adequate vice presidential choice. Then, when Ford succeeded Nixon, he would have to look for a VP with expertise in areas where he is demonstrably ignorant—exactly those areas of Nelson Rockefeller's special competence. Without going high-profile, without exposing himself to a possibly hostile public, Vice President Rockefeller would then be invited to play out the best dream going: regulating the economy, formulating foreign policy and recruiting key personnel for the new Administration. If there was flak for his policies, let Ford take that heat—but there would be no problems with Ford, he'd always think he's the President.

Rockefeller's henchmen, in what could pass in leftist circles for a coup, would be Kissinger and Mel Laird. Kissinger has been a Rockefeller ally ever since he authored the controversial report on international security for the Rockefeller Brothers' America at Mid-Century study, a report that started the bomb-shelter scare and led Eisenhower to describe Rocky as "listening too closely to half-baked advisors." Kissinger's wife is a Rockefeller employee; his infrequent vacations tend to be spent at a Rockresort. "Henry," says Nelson Rockefeller, "has never let me down." And Rockefeller has never failed Mel Laird, the former Secretary of Defense with a taste for unlimited

Jesse Kornbluth is a free-lance writer living in New York. His last piece for NEW TIMES *was on Muhammad Ali in training.*

ILLUSTRATION BY NICHOLAS GAETANO


NICHOLAS

military spending. I.F. Stone maintains that "no major figure in American politics has worked harder than Rockefeller to push ever higher the billions we allocate to the Pentagon."

Was it all a setup, a shrewd and opportunistic manipulation of an already bent Constitutional process? With Laird and Kissinger advising Ford, was the vice presidential search locked up all along? Is it possible that Rockefeller had it all mapped out last December when he resigned as New York's governor and established the National Commission on Critical Choices, a free-lance brain trust just waiting to move to Washington? Is it merely coincidental that Ford, as a former senator has described him, "isn't the kind of man who likes to hold the reins in tight"?

It's skywriting, but it's plausible if only for the characterization of Nelson Rockefeller: a Zen Duddy Kravitz, a man on the make who realized early on what everybody else missed—that being Number 2 has its special rewards when the Number 1 guy's a cipher.

You don't have to look for support of this seemingly hysterical interpretation of recent events from the standard leftist catalogue of Rockefeller's sins: Attica, the New York drug laws, his silence on Vietnam and his blather on Watergate. Nor does it depend on a hidden "capitalist conspiracy"—the fact that Rockefeller has more money than all the presidents and vice presidents in our history lumped together does not automatically disqualify him from national office.

No, the route to Rockefeller, the most elusively private of our public figures, is through his passions, and fortunately, they are accessible: art and architecture. As much as Rockefeller would prefer that we never see past the cover stories, his love of buildings—imagining them, planning them, building them—tells us what Nelson Rockefeller has otherwise concealed successfully: that charming, generous and concerned Nelson Rockefeller is an authoritarian visionary, a creator of the coldest architecture going, and that he is ruthless, willing to dodge any obstacle to achieve his goals. In his buildings, we may be confident we have found the true Rockefeller, a man capable of inspiring paranoid scenarios; as Samuel Johnson remarked, "No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures."

Architecture was originally more than a hobby to Rockefeller; at Dartmouth he chose it for his career, but gave it up, he says, because helping people solve their problems is a worthier occupation. By which he means architecture on the grand scale, moving people around to achieve the greater societal harmony—Rockefeller expanded his early love for environmental manipulation to experiment with the masses. His "edifice complex" is so well-known it's no longer taken seriously, but it is precisely in his construction projects—especially the Albany Mall—that Rockefeller reveals himself as the Master Builder: unyielding, dogmatic, unwilling to endure the slightest accountability for his own creation.

The 98-acre complex is ostensibly a collaboration between Wallace Harrison, the family architect, and the then governor, but Rockefeller was the dominant creative force, sending his sketches to Harrison on paper napkins from Maine. As one planner has admitted, "We were brought in to legitimize what he wanted to do."

The inspiration for this memorial to Rocky (Albanians often call it "instant Stonehenge") came from a tour of Albany Rockefeller took with Princess Beatrix of The Netherlands. "The city did not look as I think the Princess thought it was going to," he said afterwards—especially the area called The Gut, a slum that lay directly between the Capitol and the Executive Mansion. Rockefeller went into high gear on the project and soon had plans and a budget out of all proportion to the rushed construction schedule; the original $250 million mall will ultimately cost $1.5 billion, but Rockefeller swears it will be "a bargain at whatever price."

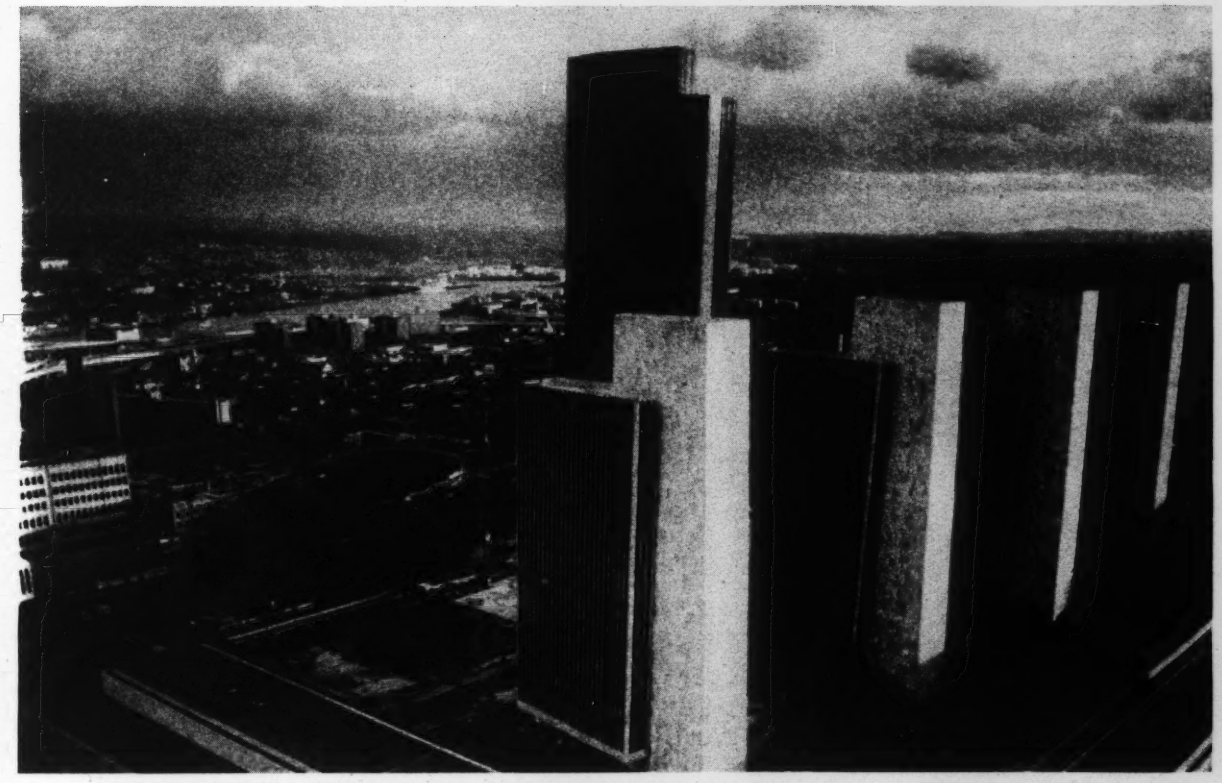
Construction costs of the mall's offices are almost three times that of comparable privately built structures. A low-income housing project was eliminated for economy; a 13,000-square foot bomb shelter stayed. Rockefeller heralded the project as "the most spectacularly beautiful seat of government in the world," and, short of a picture of him sitting in the Oval Office, it was to be the crowning achievement of his political life—he was so proud of his baby that as he flew over it in one of the family planes, he would have the pilot bank the ship and circle overhead while he pointed out buildings of interest to the other passengers.

There were construction problems: an unforeseen 3 million tons of clay had to be removed for foundations to be sunk. Some suggested that better planning might have averted the use of such a sloping site for such monumental structures, but Rockefeller was familiar only with the grand design; just before unveiling the model, he took his "first real long walk" through the area. He kept in touch with the project by fiat from on high, exhorting the contractors to stay on schedule. The mayhem caused by 2,500 frantic workmen was such that at one point rubbish was dumped from a tower onto the men below.

No matter. The trapezoidal buildings on their boomerang-shaped bases, the tallest office tower north of Manhattan, underground roads like Disneyworld's, a bowl-shaped meeting center, landscaped promenades, fountains, areas for "senior citizens," a central air-conditioning unit so big that "the vault housing this equipment could accommodate a joint session of Congress"—these alone counted to Nelson Rockefeller. No matter that 1,500 buildings were demolished, 3,000 people were relocated, the center city trashed. No matter the scandals, the grand juries called into being, the devastating fires that couldn't be fought because there was no water pressure: the realization of his dream chambers was everything.

To witness the Albany Mall—still unfinished after a decade of construction—is to be dwarfed and terrified. His friends profess befuddled admiration at the scope of Rocky's imagination, but the impact of the mall cannot fool a cooler eye; it is in

Rockefeller at the dedication: he swore it would be "a bargain at any price."



The $1.5 billion Albany Mall, called "Instant Stonehenge" by its detractors, is closer to Stalinesque Modern.

the great tradition of Stalinesque Modern. Nazi-rage: what Lincoln Center would look like if it included a crematorium. *Alphaville* in concrete and glass. *Fortune* was mild in its description: "a modern imperial enclave." In no other city—out of the public eye, far from damning media—could such a monstrous creation despoil the landscape without howls of protest.

But then, no one else but Nelson Rockefeller could have invented a way to finance his personal pyramid without the voters' approval. No one else but Nelson Rockefeller would so boldly act out on the grand scale without any accountability to his nominal public. For rather than face near-certain defeat in a statewide referendum, Rockefeller cagily got the mayor of Albany to sponsor the construction. In one of the more original dodges of the century, the county of Albany owns and operates this boondoggle. The state will occupy the facilities on a rental-purchase basis until, on December 31, 2004, the title will finally be transferred.

"No comment," says Nelson Rockefeller's office on these subjects. No comment when Nelson Rockefeller gets his way. Official silence when a two-lane road that runs through his Pocantico Hills estate is replaced by a road that doesn't. Mum's the word when a Tarrytown railroad station relocates itself and its tracks further away from the Rockefeller chateau.

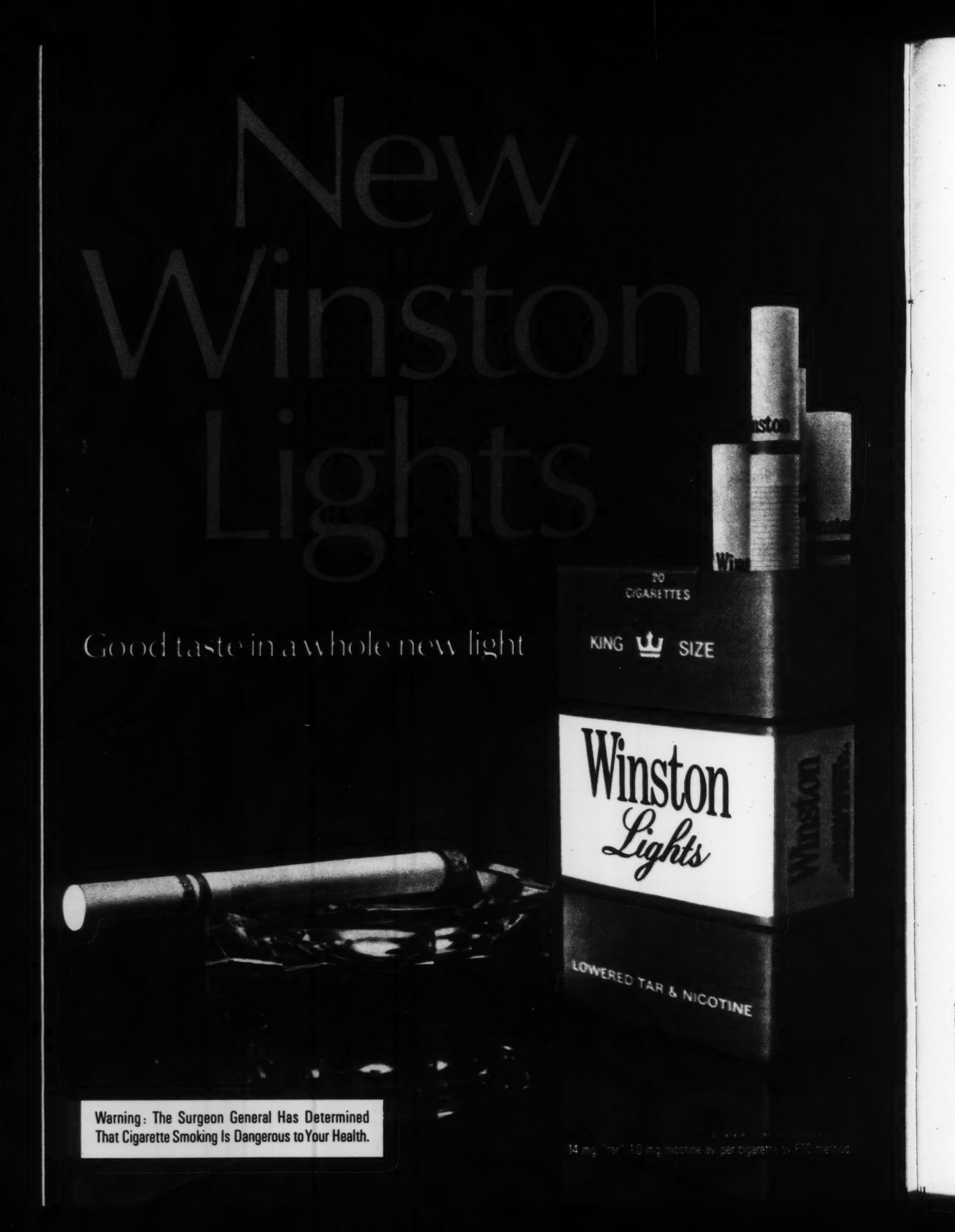
It is only when Nelson Rockefeller is piqued on the subjects of architecture and building that anything personal escapes his lips. As, for example, when an environmental group relentlessly opposed Con Ed's plan to construct a power plant at Storm King on the Hudson River.

Through the mall, he reveals himself as the Master Builder: unyielding, dogmatic and unaccountable for his own creation

Rockefeller snapped, "If there are so many people who want to see the Hudson preserved, why don't these people band together and why don't they buy up this property?" "He is," President Ford has said, "known across the land as a person dedicated to the free enterprise system."

Yes, indeed: as patron, master, behind-the-scenes puppeteer. If his public manner suggests warmth, his public buildings manifest a ceremonial coldness, an overbearing attempt to appeal beyond our time to those latter-day admirers who will discover in him a greatness and boldness which we somehow miss. Maybe they will find in the Albany Mall a human statement that eludes us, an access to his personality we do not enjoy now that he no longer has to campaign, no longer dutifully chomps knishes and pizza while we snap his picture and swoon. Or perhaps they will see the mall as the metaphor for a man who, when accountability could be avoided, avoided it, a man whose primary satisfaction was the erection of monuments in which no man could live.

But the real Nelson Rockefeller is not for us to know; if he has connected to a truth about himself, he'll never tell. His accession to the vice presidency is a lady-and-the-tiger puzzle: will he be our greatest benefactor or, like another dictator, spend his days "fiddling with sketches to make the Arc de Triomphe look like a mousehole"? The once and future Pharaoh, the rajah of Pocantico, reserves the making of history to himself. As Rockefeller vowed to a questioner who wondered how he would build a bridge—another monument!—across Long Island Sound in the face of unanimous opposition, "You'll find out as the scenario unfolds." But exactly. ●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Rocky's big bust

By Michael Drosnin

Nelson Rockefeller, meet Nelson Rodriguez, 24-year-old Brooklyn man, married, father of a three-year-old girl—now in prison, serving a life term. A heroin addict, Rodriguez was successfully kicking the habit after six months in a methadone program. Then he was arrested.

Two cops saw Rodriguez give one dose of his methadone to a fellow addict suffering the agonies of withdrawal. "I was real sick," his friend explains. "I needed methadone and couldn't get into a program, so Nelson helped me. He just *gave* it to me." No money changed hands.

But a jury found Rodriguez guilty of selling narcotics. Later, several jurors said they were sorry but had no choice—the law defines giving as selling. Rodriguez had no prior felony record and only one minor misdemeanor conviction. "Nelson, he is a good man," says his minister, Rev. Enrique Silva, who accompanied Mrs. Rodriguez to court every day of the trial. "He took his medicine, and he don't rob or steal or take nothing from nobody."

But the judge sentenced Rodriguez to life. It will be six years before he is eligible for parole. The judge also was sorry, but also had no choice. Nelson Rockefeller arranged it that way.

Before stepping down as governor, Rockefeller forced on New York what he rightly boasted was "the nation's toughest anti-drug law." It makes mandatory life sentences for the illegal sale or possession of heroin, methadone, cocaine, amphetamines, LSD and other hallucinogens. It also requires minimum jail terms before lifetime parole is possible: 15 years for the sale of one ounce of narcotics, 6 years for an eighth of an ounce, 1 year for any amount at all. That was a compromise; Rockefeller wanted life period, no parole. (Marijuana is treated differently: the unlawful sale or possession of an ounce of grass can bring up to 15 years, but first offenders can get off on probation.) For months before it took effect, radio, television and newspaper ads, even subway posters, publicized the governor's law and blared his warning—"Don't Get Caught Holding the Bag."

Since Nelson Rockefeller pushed through the "nation's toughest drug law" in New York one year ago, drug-related crimes have gone up 6 percent. Now, imagine what he can do as vice president

Rockefeller hoped his lock-'em-up-and-throw-away-the-key tough guy image would help catapult him to the presidency. He didn't quite make it, but he came close. And now, as vice president, he may well try to do for the rest of the country what he's done for New York.

"Drug pushing, and the crime and terror it breeds, is not isolated to New York State," declared Rockefeller upon signing the new statute. "It's a national tragedy. New York can show the way—we can lift fear from our homes, from our streets, from our schools. We can break the back of this terrible traffic in tragedy."

It is now one year since that law took effect last September. What has it accomplished?

It has not curtailed the drug supply or forced major dealers out of business. "There's been no change, no improvement," says Deputy Chief Inspector Daniel Courtenay, commander of New York City's narcotics police. "It's been no harder to make drug buys since last September. The big dealers haven't left town." The city's special narcotics prosecutor, Frank Rogers, thinks some amateurs have been scared off, presumably leaving the field free to the organized traffickers, whom, he agrees, have not been stopped. "I don't think we'll see professional pushers for profit close shop in my time, no matter what the law," says Rogers.

And crime has gone up, not down, since the law took effect. Murder, rape and

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ILLUSTRATION BY NICHOLAS GAETANO

Rockefeller, signing the drug law which, he said, would "break the back of this terrible traffic in tragedy."

assaults are running at about the same rate as last year, and property offenses—the kind most often blamed on addicts—have increased almost 6 percent.

That the law has achieved none of its goals is hardly surprising. It was not even aimed at large-scale dealers; the statute already on the books mandated life sentences for major sales. And no legislation has ever stopped drug use; Prohibition failed with alcohol, and marijuana use has increased 200-fold since it was outlawed four decades ago.

So the drug supply remains unchanged, the big dealers are still in business and there's now more crime than ever. Rockefeller's law has been an unqualified disaster, for everyone except himself. And who got caught holding the bag? People like Nelson Rodriguez.

Not one major dealer has been convicted under the new law, but at least 150 junkies and small-time occasional pushers have been sentenced to life imprisonment, most of them for selling less than one-eighth of an ounce, often to support their own habits. Almost all are black or Puerto Rican. Most are young and, of course, poor. Their "crimes" have done little harm, for in nearly every case the buyers have been undercover police who sought them out and initiated the $10, $20 and $50 deals.

At least one-third of those deals involved methadone. Rodriguez's case is unusual only in that the recipient was not a cop. Undercover agents, dressed in street clothes, lurk outside methadone clinics, offering money for the patients' take-home doses. Often they feign withdrawal symptoms. And because federal regulations require that the 70 or 100 milligrams of methadone be dissolved in a liquid like Tang or Kool-Aid, the total weight of the "drug" is usually sufficient to exact six years imprisonment before possible parole. "It's an easy collar—meter maids could do it," says Dr. Robert G. Newman, director of New York's methadone program. "To take people who are in treatment voluntarily, to have government agents entice them into selling a government-supplied drug, and to send them away to Attica for life is so stupid, so inhumane it boggles the mind."

Newman isn't the only official who's appalled. Equally upset are many of the Rockefeller-appointed special narcotics judges who enforce the law. State Supreme Court Justice Thomas Dickens was

aghast at having to give a one-to-life sentence recently to a 20-year-old woman with no prior arrest record. Even the prosecutor apparently had some misgivings about the case of Laverne McKnight. "I don't think he really wanted a conviction," says her legal aid lawyer. "He didn't use any of his jury challenges." But there were tape recordings of the two four-grain heroin sales Miss McKnight made to an undercover cop in the Harlem apartment she shared with her mother and two sisters. A sympathetic jury agonized for 12 hours before compromising. They found her guilty of one sale and acquitted her on the other.

It made no difference to the young defendant in a pop-art T-shirt. The law demands life for *any* quantity of narcotics—even the one-hundredth of an ounce Miss McKnight was convicted of selling. "I know it's the law," says Judge Dickens, "but it didn't make me happy to give that sentence. I wish I could have given her a suspended sentence."

Miss McKnight will be eligible for parole in one year, but it is likely that she (and all others condemned to one-to-life) will remain in prison at least three years. Nelson Rodriguez (and others sentenced to six-to-life) will probably spend 10 years behind bars. Some will never get out. "The hope for parole will in many cases be defeated by 'poor adjustment' to prison life by addicts who are emotionally unstable," notes the Legal Aid Society in a challenge to the drug law's constitutionality. Moreover, New York's feared "brass nuts" parole system will send many of those released back to jail. A violation, such as failing to report to the parole officer or hanging around with a crowd he does not approve of, is all it takes. In New York, murderers can be discharged from parole after five years "good behavior," but Laverne McKnight and Nelson Rodriguez face a lifetime of tightly supervised parole.

"I was raised with junkies, dope pushers and thieves, and the guys in the neighborhood used to kid me about never getting in trouble," says Reuben Estrada. "I wanted to get away from the ghetto, to make something of myself." So he joined the Army. But last January, three months before he turned 18 and could enter basic training, Reuben was arrested on a drug charge. He's been in jail ever since—with junkies, dope pushers and thieves.

A high-school dropout, Reuben had been living in a Brooklyn tenement with his married brother since his father died last year. His mother died when he was six. He held down two part-time jobs, made plans for the future and stayed clean. His only previous arrest came when a cop stopped him on the street, made him empty his pockets and found what he thought to be narcotics. It turned out to be

What if there were a law against cigarettes?

What Rockefeller calls the "drug problem" is primarily a drug *law* problem. Any drug, legal or illegal, can be abused, but it takes legislation to turn it into a true social menace.

If you have trouble accepting this, consider what would happen if our lawmakers banned cigarettes, equated tobacco with heroin and punished its sale or possession with mandatory life imprisonment.

Absurd? Hardly. Like heroin, nicotine is addictive—8 out of 10 teenagers who smoke more than one cigarette are hooked, usually for life, according to a 1971 British study. And tobacco overdose can certainly be every bit as harmful as heroin overdose. True, overdose is not a term ordinarily applied to cigarette abuse, but surely lung cancer, emphysema and heart disease are all overdose problems.

Let's assume, therefore, that the politicians, in their zeal to get tough with addicts and pushers, outlawed tobacco. The first result would be a sharp rise in the price of cigarettes, probably to about $50 a pack, if the usual black market equations based on risk, supply and demand held true.

Harsh penalties and exorbitant prices would, of course, compel some smokers to go cold turkey or join methadone-type programs. But nicotine, like heroin, is a difficult drug to kick (even cancer victims are often unable to stop). "Cigarette smoking is a true addiction," says Dr. Vincent P. Dole of Rockefeller University. "The confirmed smoker acts under a compulsion quite comparable to that of the heroin user." And over 80 percent of the tobacco junkies who do manage to quit go back to their drug—a relapse rate strikingly similar to heroin.

So most nicotine addicts would be forced into lives of crime to support their $50- or $100- or even $150-a-day habits. The havoc that would follow staggers the imagination. There are no more than 300,000 heroin addicts in this country, but tens of millions are addicted to tobacco. Even the muggers would not be safe.

It is hard to envision cigarettes causing such a reign of terror, but that is because they are now relatively cheap and readily available. There is hothing inherent in heroin that turns users into criminals. Quite the opposite. The heroin addict is driven to steal by his need for a constant supply of a high-priced drug, despite its depressant effect.

Since organized crime would quickly become the only source of illegal tobacco, smokers would be forced into unsavory dealings with unscrupulous pushers. Cigarettes would be cut, sometimes with dangerous substances, and as the nicotine content decreased while the prices increased, addicts would begin dealing themselves to obtain the necessary funds.

The health hazards of smoking, even now severe, would be devastating. Under current laws, heroin use almost inevitably leads to medical problems, such as hepatitis from dirty needles or malnutrition, although there is no evidence that the drug itself is physically harmful. "Almost all the deleterious effects ordinarily attributed to the opiates appear to be the effects of the narcotics laws instead," says Edward Brecher in his book *Licit & Illicit Drugs*. It is the lifestyle the addict is forced to lead which is so damaging, and there is no reason to believe that nicotine junkies would behave differently.

Habitual smokers would forgo food to buy cigarettes, scrounge for butts in darkened streets and filth-strewn alleyways, even prostitute themselves to get tobacco. (It all happened in Germany after World War II, when tobacco was legal but strictly rationed.)

The spectacle of depraved and lawless nicotine addicts roaming the streets would create a general outcry for still tougher penalties. Politicians would fan the hysteria to capitalize on public fears, while law enforcement officials would use it to fatten their budgets and increase their powers.

Police and federal agents would stage showcase raids on major dealers, further restricting the tobacco supply and pushing prices still higher. Hard-pressed addicts would be driven to attempt riskier, more often violent crimes, even as increasing numbers of fellow smokers were rounded up to face no-nonsense judges on their way to jail.

A frightening scenario. But before you light up another cigarette to relieve the tension, remember, it couldn't happen here. This is a democratic and humane country, and it could never be so foolish as to accept any law that would turn a national problem into a national crisis. **—M.D.**

They shoot ten-year-olds, don't they?

New York City's 70,000 public and private policemen have been granted virtually a 007 license to kill

By Blake Fleetwood

Early one drizzly morning in April 1973, Clifford Glover, 10 years old, was walking with his stepfather to work. Clifford, a shy, bashful boy, somewhat of a wanderer according to his friends, had recently become very close to his stepfather, Add Amstead, 51. They threaded their way through mounds of broken glass, and in six blocks passed two-story, boarded-up houses, garbage-strewn vacant lots, an Addiction Services agency, five bars, seven churches and a funeral home in the black hellhole of Queens that is known as South Jamaica.

Suddenly a beat-up white car with two white men inside pulled up. One of the men, hairy and casually dressed, jumped out of the passenger side. He had a gun.

"Hey, you black sons of bitches," he yelled, and fired his gun once.

Though neither had ever been in trouble, Clifford and his stepfather were used to violence in their neighborhood. Fearing death or robbery at the hands of "white crackers," the old man and the boy took off into a vacant lot. Amstead had received his week's pay of $114 the day before, and was afraid of losing it. He had worked at the same job for seven years.

The fat, red-faced man with dark mustache and sideburns fired several more times. One of the .38 slugs hit the 90-pound boy in the back, and Clifford sprawled forward, his blood gushing into a pile of broken bottles, eggshells and dogshit. The two gunmen towered over the mortally wounded boy.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" pleaded the boy. "I'm dying!"

One of them looked down at the bleeding child and scowled, "DIE! YOU LITTLE FUCK!"—words he thought would never be heard but that unknown to the gunman were broadcast over a walkie-talkie that he carried. The district attorney eventually got a tape of that broadcast.

The gunman, Tom Shea, had a history of violence. It was his third incident in less than a year. At the time he shot Clifford Glover, he was still facing charges of having pistol-whipped a 14-year-old boy, and had been accused of shooting an unarmed man in the neck.

As disreputable as he looked that wet Saturday morning, Tom Shea was a policeman—a 13-year veteran of the force—and, as such, would suffer no punishment for killing the unarmed child. After strong community pressure, Shea was indicted for murder, but one month ago a Queens jury of elderly civil service burghers decided that Shea, as a working policeman, was immune from the laws

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that govern ordinary people. He was acquitted.

The jury verdict reaffirmed a policy both among the general public and police departments that virtually grants an 007 license to kill to New York City's 70,000 public and private policemen. (There are nearly a million police in the country as a whole.)

The same day that Clifford Glover was killed, the Housing police and the Transit police in New York killed two unarmed young men.

The number of people killed by police varies according to the social and political climate of the times. In 1970 New York City's police killed 54 persons. The next year, 1971, they were nervous about black militants and killed 93. The next year they relaxed and killed only 66. (On a nationwide basis, police kill more than a thousand persons annually.)

A Police Department analysis of police killings in recent years noted that police reports in the past had been based on "the mistaken assumption that in the majority of cases where a policeman uses his weapon to fend off an assault upon himself, the perpetrator is attacking with a firearm."

"This is not true," the study went on to say. "Reports indicate that in excess of 60% of these situations, the weapon used was other than a firearm." This from a police study.

The police answer their critics by claiming that a moment's hesitation endangers innocent civilians. But the "no hesitation" policy that the cops have traditionally used has killed more innocent people, including fellow police officers, than could ever be endangered by a little temperance. Finally, the police say that guns are necessary for their own protection. Many cops have been unsatisfied with the .38s that they are issued and have gone so far as to carry around unauthorized shotguns for more firepower. The fact is that *being a New York policeman is about the safest job you can have.* In 1972 five city policemen were shot and killed in the line of duty, a homicide rate of 1.66 per 10,000, surprisingly low when compared with the occupational hazards of being a taxi driver or a construction worker. Over the last 20 years the fatality rate for New York City policemen averages out to .9 per 10,000 workers. According to nationwide statistics of various occupations, it's eight times more dangerous being a miner and four times more dangerous being a farmer. The average citizen's chance of getting killed in New York is 2.1 per 10,000, so a cop is half as likely to get himself killed as the average citizen.

In fact, if you are killed by a stranger in a large city, one-third of the time your assailant will be a policeman. (Most people, of course, are killed by their family and friends.)

Recent examples of innocent and useless killings and near-killings by police from New York police files are gruesome and plentiful:

If you are killed by a stranger in a large city, nearly 20 percent of the time your assailant will be a policeman

—Two years ago another 10-year-old, Rick Bodden, from Staten Island, was shot in the back and killed by Officer Francis Ortolano. Ricky was just over three feet tall, and several innocent bystanders were hit by stray bullets. The cop claimed that a 14-year-old companion of Ricky's was "crouched as if to fire a gun." No gun or any other weapon was found on either child, but even in that case the Police Department brass organized a publicity blitz emphasizing how many previous arrests Ricky had had.

Ten-year-old Clifford Glover shortly before his death

—In June of this year Police Officer William Walker was indicted in Brooklyn for murdering a young black college student who was stopped during a routine auto inspection. The officer claimed that he was being threatened with a toy gun that was recovered at the scene, but it later developed that the cop had been seen with the same toy gun by his fellow police officers the evening before the incident and that the dead black student was unarmed at the time.

—Patrolman John V. Reig, off duty, was entering the west end of the Lincoln Tunnel when his car bumped another. Reig got out of his car, shot through the windshield of the other car, hitting the driver, George C. Freeman, in the wrist, and proceeded to beat Freeman so badly about the face that Freeman was confined in a hospital for a week afterward. Reig then arrested Freeman on the charge of attempted murder. Unfortunately for Reig, Freeman was not black and uninfluential. He is the head of the Boy Scouts of America, and managed to turn the tables on the hot-headed cop. He got the charges against himself dismissed, and last fall the policeman was found guilty of assault.

—In June 1973, a 29-year-old police officer, Charles A. Bryant, was arrested for murder as he "moonlighted as a hit man" for a drug dealer while off duty.

—Last October the Transit Authority police killed a man who, they say, tried to board a subway without paying.

The most clear-cut needless killings occur when two trigger-happy policemen face each other in a shootout. The statistics are horrifying. Four out of eight policemen (including a T.A. policeman) that were shot to death in 1972 were killed by police guns. (One was shot by his girlfriend and only two were shot by black militants in their year of highest activity.) Of the last 14 cops shot to death in New York City, six (including a T.A. cop) were killed by fellow policemen. None was killed by the much-feared Black Liberation Army. It's not that police are declaring war on other people, it's just that they treat policemen, especially plainclothes cops, just like they do other citizens, and shoot like hell whenever anything suspicious happens.

—In May undercover narcotics Officer Leslie Grosso was shot by his backup team after he gave the order to move in. The detective who shot him claimed that he "tripped over some refuse in the street." If his bullet had hit one of the peaceful drug dealers, you can be sure that the detective would have gotten a citation.

—Another policeman was killed under particularly ironic circumstances. Among 2,500 members of the force who turned up for Patrolman Elija Stroud's funeral near his home in Freeport, Long Island, were a former partner of Stroud's, Det. Roland Chocko, and a motorcycle patrolman, William McQuillan. The two men, both off duty but wearing their guns, as is required by N.Y.P.D. regulations, were drinking in a nearby bar and, as things go among men, quarreled. If they

Shea (left), the first New York City policeman ever charged with murder in the line of duty, celebrating his acquittal.

had been two construction workers, one of them might have been left with just a black eye; but, as things go among men with guns, Chocko was left bleeding, and soon died in the bar's parking lot. McQuillan claimed self-defense, but nevertheless was subsequently convicted of manslaughter.

—Another tragic incident occurred on April 14 of last year when dozens of police converged on the largest Muslim mosque in the city in response to a telephone call that falsely informed police headquarters that a detective was in trouble inside the mosque. According to Muslim leaders, "Five members of the force came charging into our temple like criminals," without stopping to ask questions—a desecration, the Muslims noted, that would hardly have been visited on St. Patrick's. When other policemen arrived, they found the door barricaded and began firing through windows on either side. Patrolman Philip Cardillo, in the first group of five that was inside the mosque, was shot apparently by police bullets and later died.

—And last January two policemen went out drinking, and Timothy Murphy, 29, the father of two children and a seven-year police veteran, was shot and killed by police Officer William Donahue. Apparently Donahue, drunk, fell off a bar stool in Murphy's house. When he regained consciousness from his stupor, he drew out his service revolver. Murphy cried out, "Wait! I have kids in the house, put away that gun." But Donahue, for no apparent reason, fired four or five shots—killing his friend instantly.

Black policemen are especially concerned about getting shot by other cops. Just before Christmas, Detective Harold Maxwell, a white, and Patrolman John White, a black, both in plainclothes, were chasing the same car thief, unbeknownst to each other. White caught the guy, pinned him up against a car and started to frisk him, when Maxwell came upon the scene.

He saw a black man holding a gun on a white man and naturally assumed that Patrolman White was the guy he was chasing. Maxwell took cover behind a car and started shooting. Officer White felt a sharp pain in the back of his right arm and heard two shots. He dropped his gun and ran wildly out into the street to get out of the line of fire, but still he didn't see anyone. He started shouting, "I'm on the job, I'm on the job," which cops use to identify themselves, but it didn't do any good. He saw two more flashes cut trough the dark night air, as a shot went ripping through his neck. While White lay bleeding on the asphalt, Det. Maxwell walked over and started frisking him. He found White's police badge, and only then did Maxwell realize that he'd shot a fellow officer. Ironically, the guy who was riding around in the stolen Cadillac was forgotten in all the excitement, and calmly got into White's car and drove off.

The shooting was the last straw for The Guardians, an organization of black New York City policemen, who have long felt that blacks in the department are getting mowed down by their brothers in blue an unusual number of times. They started holding demonstrations and press conferences about the problem.

"We have eight incidents in recent years where a black policeman was shot by a white policeman, and there is not one incident of a black policeman shooting a white policeman," according to Sergeant Howard Sheffey, president of The Guardians. The organization further publicly threatened to call all black plainclothes policemen off the job unless something was done to protect them.

There have been three other recent cases in which white policemen have shot down their black colleagues. Last year, Patrolman Irving Wright, brother of the powerful Brooklyn Assemblyman Samuel Wright, was moonlighting as a clerk in an all-night Harlem grocery when a youth with a .22 came in and grabbed $27 from the cash register. Wright took off after the gunman, and an exchange of gunfire followed. Two uniformed policemen came upon Officer Wright holding a smoking pistol and blasted twelve .38s into him from behind, emptying their guns. The

Police Department called it a "tragic error"—as was the case of Det. Capers, another black plainclothesman, who was killed recently by a white patrolman as he was frisking a holdup man. *The Amsterdam News* noted that these mistakes tended to occur more frequently with white cops as the killers and black cops as the victims.

Last August William Jakes, another black cop, was manning a rooftop stakeout in Harlem when he was shot by a white policeman.

According to Sheffey, a lot of black police officers feel that they have more of a problem defending themselves against white police officers than they have with criminals.

When I asked him if he thought this was happening to innocent black civilians, he answered, "If it happens to black police officers, *what do you think happens to civilians*?"

The New York City policy of requiring police to carry their guns off duty is a controversial one, though common throughout the United States. Many of the most tragic abuses occur when police are off duty, especially when they are off duty in a bar. A study of homicides in general showed that alcohol is present in two-thirds of all criminal homicide cases.

Since police tend to socialize with one another at bars and drinking parties, they themselves are often the unfortunate victims of the policy that absolutely requires them to carry guns off duty, no matter what they may be doing. Patrolman Murphy and Det. Chocko, as was noted earlier, were killed by fellow cops during just such after-hours drinking parties.

Last fall Officer Mead had been sitting and drinking in a bar in the Bronx with his girlfriend when three gunmen came in and started holding up the place. Mead, in true western style, pulled out his gun and killed two of the robbers, one of whom was armed with a starter's pistol and one of whom was armed with a .32. Unfortunately, they got off a few shots, and Mead himself was blasted in the shootout. Three people dead over a $100 robbery? For what? What would have happened if he had just sat there and let them get away or maybe followed them after they left?

One assistant D.A. from Brooklyn said, "I don't think that any policemen ought to carry guns off duty or on. But the ones who are really the craziest are the housing and transit police. I really don't think that they should carry their guns off duty." Last January David Jackson pleaded guilty to murdering his ex-wife's boyfriend while off duty from his job as a transit cop.

A police rookie is taught that he should not draw his gun unless he is prepared to use it. If he does draw, he should aim at the head or chest, or, as some Police Academy instructors describe it, "Shoot to kill: there is no other way." (Partly this is because when on the job, only 28 percent of the shots fired by police at a distance of

He wanted to count for something

Clifford Glover's best friend was his brother Henry, who was two years younger. The two black boys would play for hours in the overgrown backyard of the run-down house on New York Boulevard in Jamaica, New York. The front steps to the house were rotting and in the small living room the wooden lathing showed through the large gaping holes in the plaster, but the boys didn't seem to mind the backwater black ghetto. They were forever practicing their Kung Fu and would spend hours kicking and jumping up on each other and giggling. Sometimes they would let their sassy younger sister Doreen, 6, join their games and sometimes, even, they would play with the baby, Patricia Ann, but mostly the two boys grew up playing with each other. Clifford was born in Queens in 1963 (the year Kennedy was shot) and was to die 10 years later, never having been more than a mile from his home.

As the oldest boy in the welfare-supported family, everyone expected Clifford to make something of himself. He was good at arithmetic and looked up to his teachers at P.S. 40 who remembered him as a bright, spirited and popular kid. He told his mother that he wanted to be a school principal and that when he got to be a principal he would buy her "a new house and a Cadillac." As the oldest male, Clifford looked out for his brother Henry and his two younger sisters. He had never been in trouble with the police or school authorities. The boy spent a lot of time alone planning what he was going to do with his life. He wanted it to count for something. He would eventually go down in the history books as the youngest child ever to be shot by a New York policeman.

Though popular with his schoolmates, they remembered "Cliffy" as a quiet, serious boy who didn't have time for after-school games or the idle chatter of the young. Every afternoon he would rush from school to the auto-wrecking yard where his father worked. When he first started doing it, the boss Tony would kick him out and tell him not to get in the way. But he kept coming back so often that the men at the shop started giving him errands to do. At first it was "sweep up the store" or "go get some coffee," but after awhile they started asking him to take off wheels and other more complicated mechanical tasks. Now and then, Tony would throw him a couple of dollars which Clifford would use in part to buy his own collection of tools. "Clifford could almost take a whole car apart," bragged Add Amstead, 51, the boy's father. (Mr. Amstead was not Clifford's natural father, but had lived with the child's mother ever since the boy was a few months old. They were very close.) "He could even work the acetylin torch," mumbled the old man between his broken front teeth. On Saturdays Clifford and the old man would get up at five in the morning, and walk the 10 blocks to the shop in silence. The boy would spend the whole day there.

Clifford didn't squander his earnings on things other boys his age might buy—candy, comic books or toys. Clifford loved clothes. The boy realized very early in his life that the people in his neighborhood who counted drove fancy cars and dressed right. Since he couldn't get a fancy car, he could at least dress well. He was determined to count. Every night he would take special care to see that his clothes were hung up just right so that they wouldn't crease. He had a fancy embroidered shirt and once saved up $40 to buy himself a zippered jumpsuit. The neighborhood kids his own age teased him about his clothes, but Clifford was quick and strong and could more than take care of himself. When he was killed he was wearing bright leather boots with raised heels.

Soon after Clifford was shot, his brother Henry began acting strangely. He seemed to be always in a rage. He was constantly slamming doors and breaking windows with all the fury his 8-year-old body could muster. According to his mother, he began sitting in the rain and several times tried to throw himself under a passing car. He couldn't understand why his brother Clifford wasn't home. "He was the angriest one of all," his mother said. "He was very, very mad." Eventually the family had to put the 8-year-old in a mental hospital, where he has been for more than a year. The doctors don't know when he will be able to come home.

10 feet hit their target. Police assailants are even less accurate. They hit on only 4 percent of their shots.)

But there is another way. There are alternatives. The police in London, a larger city than New York, carry guns only for very specific reasons. In the last 60 years the London police have killed three persons while the New York police in the same period have killed over 3,000.

In Paris, though the police often quite visibly carry machine guns, they are seldom loaded and almost never used. In 1968, when the student riots paralyzed Paris and nearly toppled the de Gaulle government, no one was shot in the city (although a lot of students were severely beaten). The police used rubber truncheons.

There are any number of effective "less than lethal" weapons that demobilize an assailant or a potential assailant and still leave him around to answer questions later.

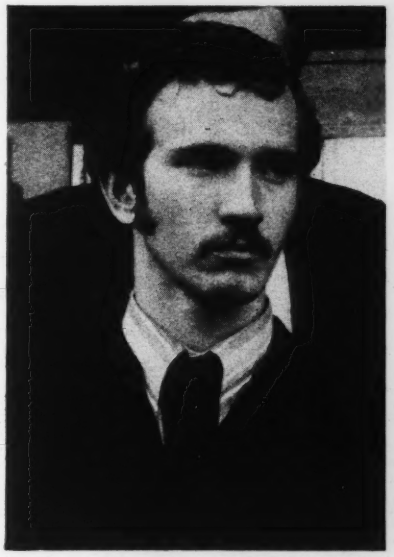
MBA Associated, of Menlo Park, California, makes one variation of a "less than lethal" weapon. Their "Stun Gun" fires a three-inch diameter "Stun Bag," essentially a beanbag full of lead shot. The "Stun Bag," according to a salesman for the company, Robert Brokaw, hits with the force of Muhammad Ali's best punch.

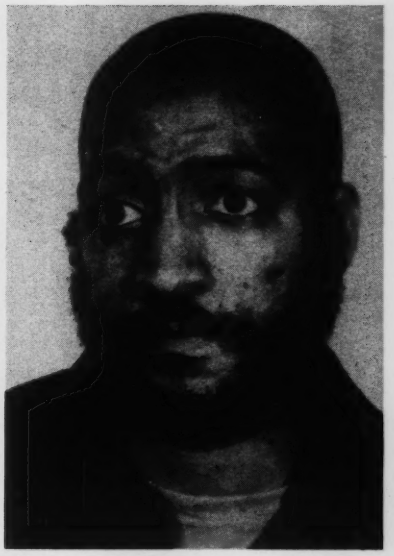
Other companies have similar products on the market which are just as effective. Not all these less than lethal weapons are harmless, but they are a hell of a lot less dangerous than lead bullets.

New York City police use tranquilizer guns on animals, mainly dogs, that are loose and considered dangerous. But if a crazy man is running around Central Park with a stick or knife in his hand, you can be sure that tranquilizer guns won't be used. Police argue, without giving much support, that the less than lethal weapons are not perfected.

If police had use of a tranquilizer gun last December, they might have prevented the death of Arthur Scott of Brooklyn. Scott's mother called the police after Scott came home in an "agitated state." When the police arrived they saw Scott with a knife in his hand, and they killed him. Mrs. Cephus said in an interview after the incident that the death of her son could have been prevented had the police shot him somewhere other than in the chest or the abdomen. Or they could have shot him with a tranquilizer, or they could have just backed out of the apartment. But apparently mad dogs sometimes get more humane treatment than mad humans.

There were some reforms after the killing of the 10-year-olds, but not much real change. A policeman's gun, although





New York City policemen William Walker (left) and Charles A. Bryant, both charged with separate killings of civilians.

it's against department policy, is still his primary tool of arrest, even when the suspect is not armed. *Police are not allowed to pull a gun on an unarmed fleeing felon.* The rules are there, but the brass openly neglect even a pretense of enforcement, barring the unusual circumstance of the killing of another policeman or a 10-year-old boy. Most of the people killed by police are young, poor and/or black, so who cares? Dead men don't complain.

The cop on the beat has virtually unlimited license to use his gun as he sees fit. Some cops, maybe most, are good, kind, conscientious and respectful, but then other cops like Shea are sons of bitches. If Clifford Glover had been 10 years older, Patrolman Shea would probably still be carrying a gun, walking around with a shiny badge and beating up people. He might even have an extra citation on two. Although acquitted of criminal charges, Shea and his partner were found guilty in a departmental hearing on August 30 and dismissed from the force.

New York Police Department's target: an assumption of guilt?

This is not to say that New York City police are uniquely reckless. Most studies show that, by American standards, New York police are relatively civilized compared with some of their trigger-happy country cousins. It's just part of our frontier mentality that seems to affect all American police methods.

We don't let doctors prescribe certain drugs to sick patients because of their possible side effects and because of the corruption and human weakness in the medical profession. Yet we allow each young and inexperienced and uneducated (certainly in relation to a doctor) patrolman to carry around with him and use at his discretion a lethal weapon without consultation with his superiors. (In 1969 the average IQ of 2,000 incoming New York officers was 98.2, with one class of 358 men averaging 93.19, a good 10 to 15 points below that of the general population in New York.)

In London recently a bank robber was shot and killed after a gunfight in Trafalgar Square. The English were outraged that a policeman would endanger the lives of innocent bystanders merely to capture someone who was stealing money. Many others were even more appalled that a young man was killed when he wasn't directly endangering anyone's life. In New York the news of Shea's acquittal was greeted with a great yawn. ●

The Yawn Patrol

By Robert Ward

Serpico . . . The French Connection . . . Magnum Force . . . tableaus of murder, suave narcotics dealers, massive payoffs, crazed killer rookies . . . bullet holes in foreheads, eyeballs, cheekbones spattered in twilight city streets . . . . These are the police . . . battling the forces of evil, mayhem, insanity which threaten to engulf us at any moment. But wait . . . let us take another look . . . what have we here?

A 30-year-old policeman named Ed McGuigan of Geneva, New York, is putting on heavy-duty Big Boy Gardner's Gloves . . . another policeman, a big round man named Cring (Richard Cring, partner), is standing there in the dusty old station house with him. Outside, across Castle Street, the tough city bars are quiet . . . McGuigan and Cring are also quiet, businesslike, tense. They are going out on Patrol. Their assignment? They must stop a potential Killer . . . a killer who stalks the third floor of one of the plush three-story original American settler Historic Houses which line Geneva's South Main Street. The killer is named Toughy. He is . . . a Persian cat, and he is Out of Control.

"I hope we don't get scratched," says Trickler. "These goddamned animals . . . once they lose their minds . . . you can't tell what the hell will happen."

Cring nods his head.

"Yeah," he says, his eyes bulging. "I know what you mean."

Earlier that day I had talked with Cring about his duty.

"It's not bad," he says. "But what I really look forward to is retirement. I've been on the force six years. Only fourteen more and I can move to Atlanta, get a nice little house . . . play some golf."

That is if that damned cat, Toughy, on Main Street doesn't get him first.

Hey, wait a minute, you mean all cops aren't always blasting away with their magnums, quelling evil?

"The main reason I hope it's not too crazed," says McGuigan, picking up a wire hook and a burlap bag, which he tosses jauntily over his back, "is that if he *is* nuts . . . and I *have* to shoot him . . . Christ, I'll never hear the end of it . . . my wife for one . . . she loves animals . . . and the damned civic groups . . . you can't shoot a cat in this town and expect to get away with it, . . ."

Which is, of course, true. You can't expect to get away with anything in a town the size of Geneva, New York (population 17,500). The town is located on Lake Seneca, which runs from Geneva, way down past Watkins Glen, of Grand Prix and Rock Concert fame. But Geneva itself, like many small cities in America, will never gain the fame of Watkins Glen. For Geneva is what is known as a "dying town." Once prosperous in the '20s, once the home of gamblers, a vacation spot for Mafia men who were attracted to the lake (Lake Trout Capital of the World), to the good hotels and the Club 86 where they used to see name stars such as Billy Eckstein, the town has long since been past its Golden Age. Though private and prestigious Hobart and William Smith colleges and the Cornell Experiment Station reside here, the town's main economic booster, the Sampson State Air Force Base, has been gone since the Korean War. With it went Shuron Optical, though the uninhabited building still stands next to Shuron Baseball Park, once home of the minor league Geneva Twins, who themselves have disappeared. Also listed among Geneva's casualties are the Patent Cereal Company, the Andes Range Company, the U.S. Radiator Company and finally the Geneva Market Basket. All of them were bought out by bigger corporations and moved to more lucrative, less isolated cities.

When one rides around Geneva (as the police do), one begins to feel that all that *is* left in the town are bars: those bars mostly inhabited by working-class whites; the black bars; the funkiest and strangest of Geneva's bars, Moon's, which features poor whites, blacks, Puerto Ricans and several transvestites; bars like Tiara's, where Geneva's first murder in several years took place last summer, and the Central Hotel, which even the police don't like to walk by, in the town's "Butt End." Many more, without names or signs, are just storefronts with taps serving Genessee and Utica Club to the tired, sweaty blacks,

Robert Ward is a novelist and professor of English at Hobart College.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HENKE

Saturday night in Geneva, New York: a young girl is busted for possessing drugs.

Puerto Ricans and rednecks who work at the few places left to work at in Geneva—Libby's, and the American Can, or the Geneva Foundry, a hideous smoke-belching building that blasts forth excrement into the sky night and day.

This torpor then, which pervades every aspect of the town, is the atmosphere in which the Geneva Police must work. The boredom, the feeling of exhaustion, of almost a twilight sleep, is as real an enemy to the police as the fights, marital spats (their most dangerous call) and burglaries which the Punch Patrol must combat.

On my first day cruising with the Geneva Police. I ride with Jim Trickler, 26, who has served two years on the force. We have been riding his route—the Northwest Area of town, out Highway 5 and 20, past the Twin Oaks Restaurant, a hangout for Hobart kids, past the Town and Country Plaza and back again—for three hours and not a trace of anything has happened.

"It's like this," says Trickler, taking off his blue cap and running his hands through his hair. "Sometimes nothing happens for so long you wonder why you're getting paid at all . . . but that's when it can get very dangerous for you . . . because when it does happen, it always happens fast . . . very fast . . . and if you've let the boredom get to you, you could react in the wrong way . . . or maybe not react at all . . . which could be fatal."

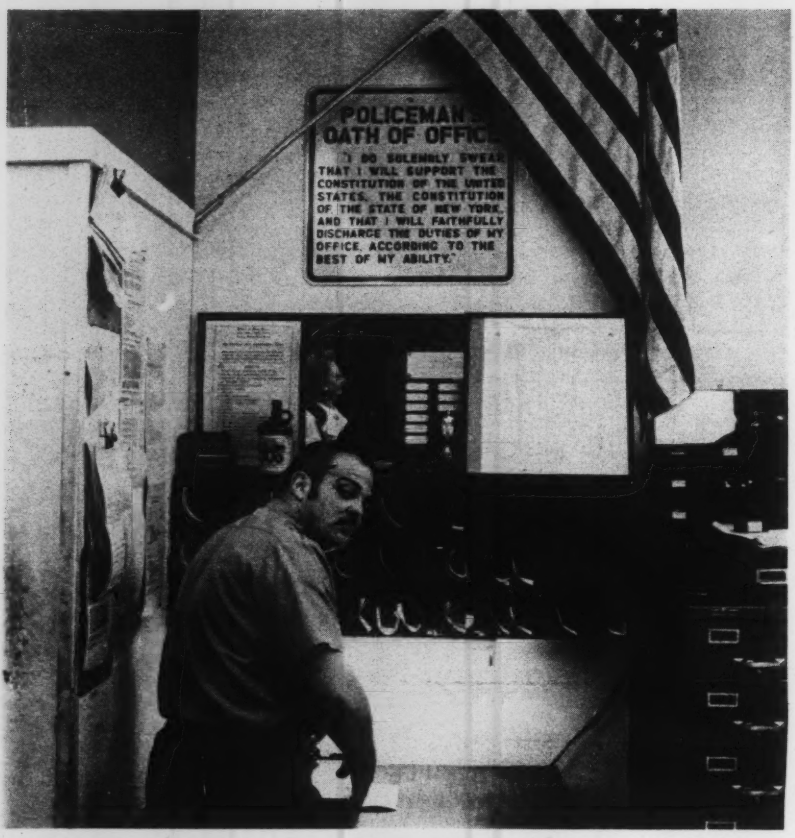
Notes While Riding:
Friday

It is eight o'clock on a Friday night, and Officer McGuigan, 32 years old, married with two children, is telling me about his most memorable evening as a policeman:

"I was off duty and I was trying to catch some hookers down on Exchange Street," he said. "It was right outside of the Paddock Bar. . . ."

He is smiling and his eyes twinkle. Though his nickname among his fellow cops is Barney Fife, he looks more like a thin Steve McQueen, blond, friendly and boyish.

"Anyway, we were down there to get this whore . . . me and a couple of the other guys . . . a couple of them were real bad actors. They just didn't have it right . . . I mean they stood out on the corner just leaning on the parking meters saying, 'Hey, baby' . . . stuff like that . . . I figure


POLICEMAN'S
OATH OF OFFICE
I DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR
THAT I WILL SUPPORT THE
CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED
STATES, THE CONSTITUTION
OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK,
AND THAT I WILL FAITHFULLY
DISCHARGE THE DUTIES OF MY
OFFICE ACCORDING TO THE
BEST OF MY ABILITY.

The Police Station House is a small, cramped room in the back of City Hall.

there's only one way to get this baby . . . you got to drive up to her and come on from the car. I get the unmarked car . . . the one that works, most of the cars don't work, a couple of the engines are literally held together by bailing wire . . . anyway, I ride up to her and I say, 'Hey, how you doing' . . . I don't ask her to go with me, 'cause that is entrapment . . . but sure enough, she comes right over . . . and soon she's in the car.

"Anyway . . . these colored broads all got old men . . . pimps . . . and you don't want to have to mess with some of these guys . . . jeez . . . so anyway, we get going, now I'm tryin' to get her to take me to this motel outside the town, where the cops are waitin', you know . . . but she don't want to go. . . . so we start going out 5 and 20 . . . right along here . . . and she finally says, 'Hell, whitey, I gonna give it to you right over by the Car Wash there . . . yeah right over there by the Car Wash across from Loblaw's . . . and I'm thinkin' . . . 'Ohhh boy, maybe I ought to knock off a piece free and make the city pay for it,' you know? But I don't do it . . . anyway, we get over there and she takes off her dress, right there in the car wash, man she just whipped that dress off . . . and she no sooner had it off than she looks at me and says, like she can smell me or somethin', 'You're a cop. You are a cop, you mutherfucker.' Well, I had just given her the money . . . that's very important . . . it was ten bucks . . . and I said, 'That's right, baby . . . and you are under arrest.' Well, she started screamin' and yelling, and she layed one on me almost put me through the window, wham, she punched me in the head, knocked me everyway but loose. I didn't want to hurt her. She's a girl, right? But what you gonna do? I finally grabbed her, and held her down. Well, she sees where I'm takin' her and she says, 'No you don't, you muther' . . . and grabs the wheel. I couldn't believe it. Then, she manages to get over next to me, and slams her foot down on the gas pedal. Oh, that was it. I thought, 'Well Ed, you've had it now, baby.' We were going across the parkin' lot about eighty miles an hour, and I'm holding her, slapping her with the back of my hand now, with one hand, and trying to steer with the other, and we were headin' right at the big lights . . . zoom zoom . . . just whizzin' past 'em . . . . By Jesus, I thought, this is it, Ed. . . and finally I whacked her a good one and said, 'You cool it or I'll put you out with some Mace' . . . and I started trying to take her in. It was a hell of a struggle, I'll tell you . . . and I felt weird . . . I mean a naked black chick in my car . . . riding down 5 and 20. Christ, what a night."

He is in high spirits now, laughing and looking at me.

Soon, however, the car falls into silence. Though the radio is always on, and we are receiving calls from the Canandaigua Sheriff's Department and the New York State Troopers, one learns not to really listen to it. It's like a low Muzak in the back of one's brain.

"I wish something would happen," McGuigan says, apologetically. "Some nights it's like this. Christ, we been ridin' five hours and not even one high speed chase." We drive up 5-20, past Carroll's, Home of the Club Burger, and past MacDonald's, Home of the Big Mac.

"Do you like to go to bars when you get off?" I ask. "Forget it. Practically every time I try something like that some jerk starts in on me, 'Hey you . . . cop . . . what chu doin' here?' You have to either punch your way outta the place or jes turn around and quietly leave. I drink in the Men's Club downtown now. It's a drag. A real dead place, but at least I don't get bothered."

He is quiet for a minute, listening to some jockeying on the radio. Then he turns toward me, and nods his head.

"You know what it is," he says. "It's my face. That's what it is. I got this youthful face so every son of a bitch in Geneva thinks I'm a punchin' bag. It's my face."

Notes While Riding:
The Next Friday

At the wheel is a heavyset officer named Don Cass. His parents own Cass TV and Records out at Town and Country Plaza. Cass, 23, has been an officer for just 10 months.

"I love it," he says, as we ride up South Main Street. "Some officers go home and forget it . . . but I love it. I'll work any time they want . . . last year when we had the murder downtown, I was a rookie, and I was off duty . . . well, my parents have a police band radio and so do I. But I was asleep at the time. My mother heard that Trickler had taken the man in from the Tiara Club, and she called me. I went right down there, and guarded the prisoner's cell all night. I mean I was new on the force, and it was a murder . . . you wouldn't want to miss something like that."

"GD-10 to GD-4."

Cass picks up the microphone. He has big hands, and the mike disappears in his fist. When he talks, his heavy jaws move to the side in a chewing motion. He seems to enjoy talking over the mike.

"GD-4 to GD-10."

"There's a stabbing reported at Geneva General Hospital. Go up there and check it out."

"Check GD-10."

Cass steps down on the gas. He drives with two hands on the wheel, still talking pleasantly as we shoot toward the complaint.

"I would rather be doing this than anything," he says. "On what other job can you be outdoors, help people and see so much action?"

We pull into the Emergency Room Entrance at Geneva General.

Inside a young, muscular black man with short-cropped hair sits on a cot. A doctor is sewing up two slash marks in his left temple just above his ear. The patient turns and stares at Cass.

"Aw-oh," he says. "It's da cops."

Cass waits until the doctor is done, and asks the patient his name.

"Smithson," says the black man. "Donald . . . but I don' wanna start no trouble . . . ya see it was jes one my frens . . . he and me we had dis little disagreement . . . and he got excited and I guess I musta been wrong, 'cause I was de one got stabbed. I don'wan press no charges. Jes a little dis'greemen'."

At that moment a short, dark man with slick, black hair comes in the door. His name is Detective Simon, and he is well known in Geneva as the only cop who has been involved in two shootings.

"Stabbed, huh buddy? He stabbed you?"

"Hi 'Tective Simon," the black man says. "I don' wanna press no charges. He my fren . . . no trouble."

"Jes a pal of yours, huh?"

"Dat's right."

"O.K., you have it your way."

The black man smiles. He seems greatly relieved.

"I tell you what though," he says.

"What's that?" says Simon.

"I want to be a dee-tective jes like you, Dee-tective Simon. You let me be a dee-tective, and I get *all* the dope pushers."

"It's like this," says Trickler. "Sometimes nothing happens for so long you wonder why you're being paid"

"Sure pal," says Simon.

"You gimme a ride home, Detective Simon?"

"Sure."

Simon looks at Cass.

"When you make out this report," he says, "don't play up the stab wounds . . . call 'em scratches . . . ah . . . suffered when the patient and his friend had a 'misunderstanding.' All right?"

"All right," says Cass.

An hour later I sit with Cass in the Chalet Coffee Pot in the Greyhound Bus Station on Lake Street, right across from the Tiara Club. I ask if he has ever been hassled by former Geneva High School mates who may resent that he's a cop.

"No, well, there was one guy, the first week on the job. I saw there was a warrant out for this guy I went to high school with for being AWOL. And so, I was coming up Castle Street, right there on the corner of Castle and Main, he's standing there hanging out in front of the sub shop. I had to arrest him. It didn't bother me when I did it . . . but later I thought about it . . . and it *was* strange."

We sit and drink our coffee. The blond waitress keeps smiling at Cass as she had at Trickler and McGuigan the night before.

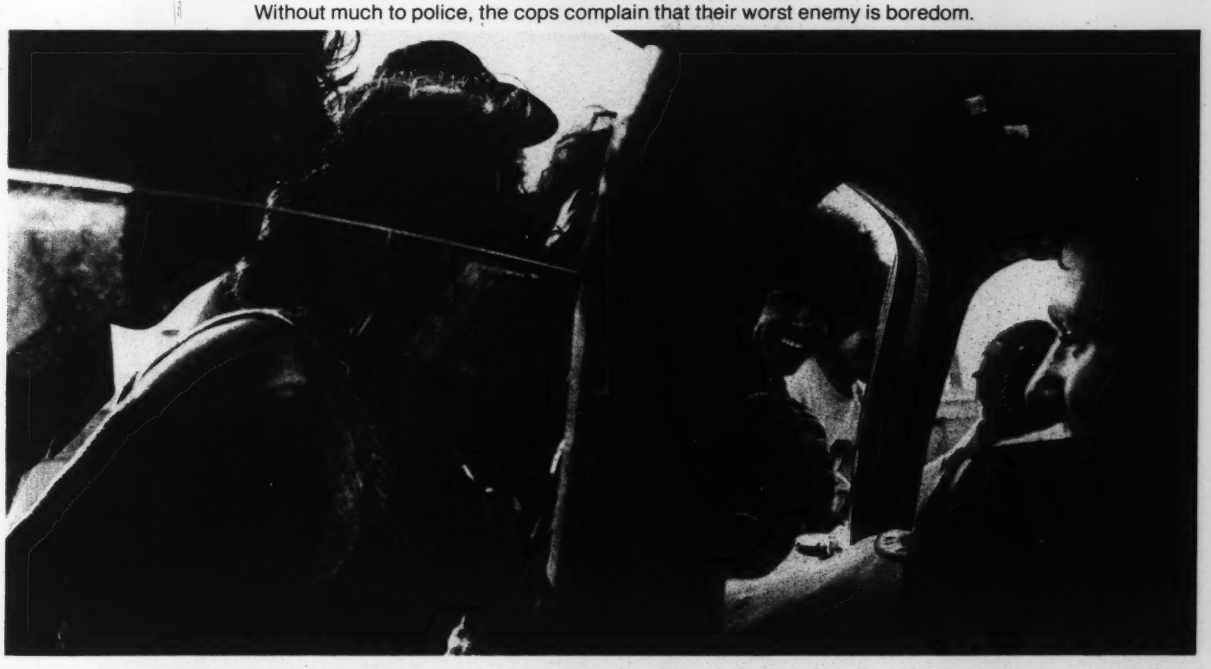
Notes From the Station House: Saturday

The station house is a small, cramped room in the back of City Hall. There is a desk at which the sergeant sits, and around the desk are some shelves which the police built themselves. The desk sergeant calls the squad cars from here. Now, in his one hand is a copy of *Penthouse*, and in the other is the microphone. On the table next to him is a bugging device which picks up signals from bugs placed inside Geneva businesses that are likely to be robbed.

"If anyone talks in any of these places, we got 'em," he says.

While I am looking over the buggers and the police radio, two officers come in from the patrol for a break. One of them is laughing and telling the other

Without much to police, the cops complain that their worst enemy is boredom.



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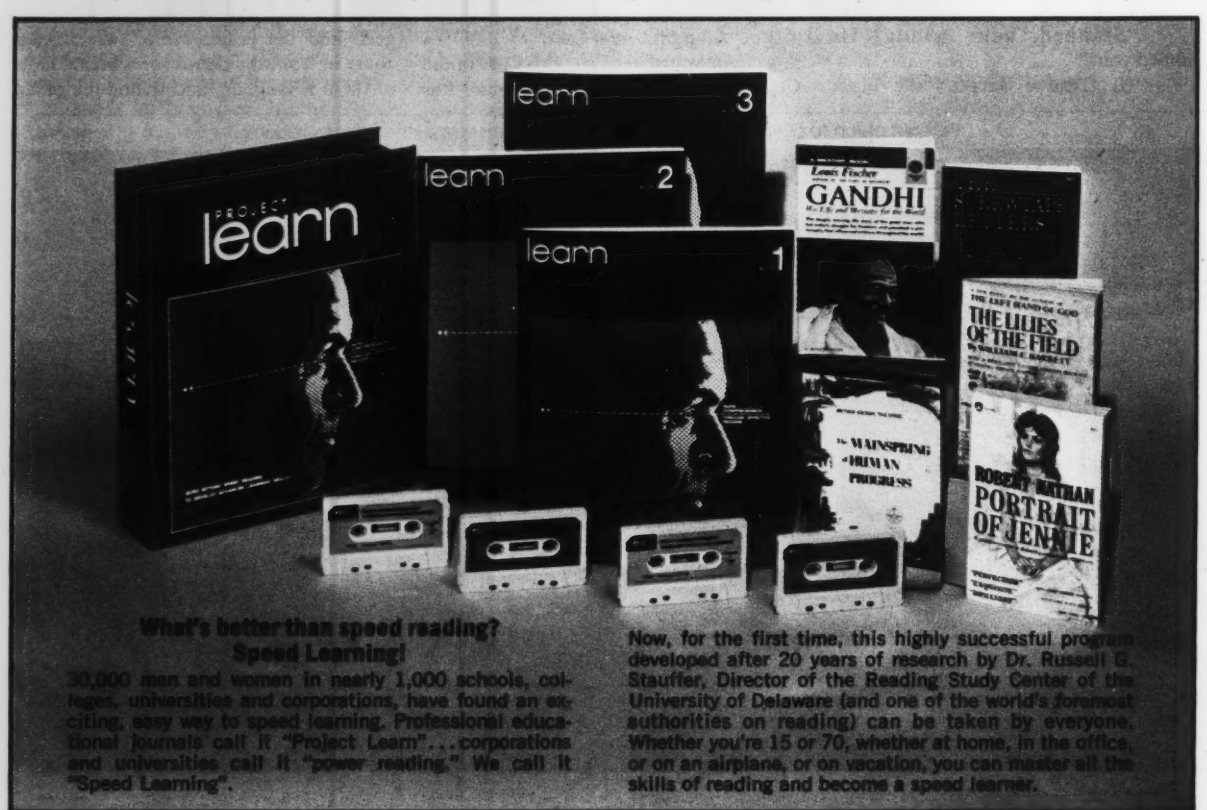

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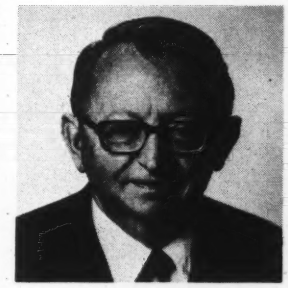

RUSSELL G. STAUFFER, originator and research director of this program, is Professor of Education and recipient of the H. Rodney Sharp chair in the College of Education at the University of Delaware, Newark, Delaware. He has been Director of the Reading Study Center at the University since he founded it in 1950. Dr. Stauffer has published numerous articles in professional and trade journals, including a special pamphlet on "Reading, a Thinking Process" for Reader's Digest.

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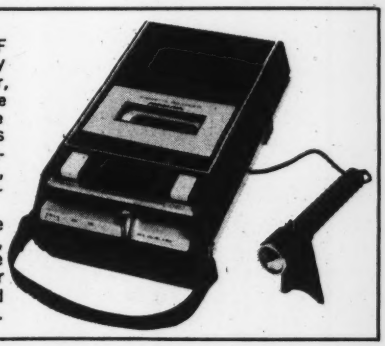

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Geneva officers gather in force for the TV evening news.

one about a potential bust.

"You know Girelli, the kid who drives the white Continental?" says the first officer.

The other one nods his head.

"Well, when you see him, I want you to nail him. Grab his ass and if he starts in giving you any of that search warrant jive, tell him the search warrant is up in the sky, and so will he be if he doesn't shut up."

The other cop laughs, and goes out past the Wanted Posters (Wanted: David Donald DeFreeze . . . drinks plum wine and may be wearing tinted glasses) to the men's room.

I approach the first officer and ask him if what he just stated isn't illegal.

"Maybe," he says. "It depends on the way you do it. You can't search his car without a warrant, right? So, you get him to harass you, and arrest him for harassment. Then you can search his car nice and legally."

Notes While Riding:
Monday —5 p.m.

I am again riding with Jim Trickler. We have been riding since three o'clock, and I have noticed that many people wave to Trickler.

"Why do people wave?" I ask. "Do you know them all?"

Trickler talks in his closed-mouth, Alan Ladd fashion.

"No . . . I don't know all of them. A lot, but not all. Some people just wave because you're the police."

We ride up Pulteney Street past the professors' well-kept houses. We watch a group of long-legged, pink-and-blue-sweatered William Smith coeds riding their 10-speeds across the intersection. They look at Trickler and myself with their big beautiful eyes, but I have a strong feeling they do not see either of us.

"They don't wave," said Trickler. "But I love coming up here . . . and staring at them. It's enough to make your mouth water . . . there are some really good looking girls on this campus. Sometimes I feel like I missed my generation," he says. "I guess these kids are having a ball, aren't they . . . free love and all?"

"I want to be a Dee-tective jes like you, Dee-tective Simon, and I get *all* the dope pushers"

Trickler started as a factory worker out at Libby's. Like many of the police, he moved from the factory to the force, which is a great leap up in town social status. But the world of William Smith and Hobart, with all its advantages and seductions, lies just outside of his reach. His only contact with the colleges comes through busts or disturbances, such as the famed Tommy The Traveler riots in 1970.

We turn up St. Clair Street and more William Smith students walk by.

"They walk differently than the girls from the town," Trickler says.

I watch them through his eyes, and feel his yearning and perhaps a little of his bitterness. "You know," he says, "except for the danger . . . this job is exactly like what I did while *I* was in high school: ride around and wave at girls."

Notes While Walking the Beat With Bob Verdehan: Saturday Night

While working with Trickler, McGuigan and the other officers, one name came up over and over again. The name was Verdehan. The younger officers' respect and admiration for Verdehan bordered on hero worship.

As Trickler tells me: "If you want to meet a tough old-fashioned cop, Verdehan is your man. He's been on the force for over twenty years, and he's seen it all."

I meet Verdehan at the station. Desk Sergeant Jabara is watching an old Cagney film, and Verdehan is showing some photographs to another officer, Jay Covert, known as The Hippie for his long blond hair and gentle manners. I had ridden with him the night before down Geneva's Butt End. While we stood waiting in the cold, he had confided to me that he planned to leave the force as soon as he could get his Elementary Education Degree. Now the two officers stand there chatting, a perfect study in contrast. Unlike Covert, Verdehan exudes the image of "the cop." Though he is no bigger than Covert, he "feels" bigger. He stands straight, wears his cap to one side of his head and puts his huge rugged face close to yours when he wants to emphasize a point.

"Look . . . look," he says. "Here's some pictures of my vacation to Florida." He sees me watching and calls me over.

"That's a beach," Verdehan says.

"Oh?" says Covert, smiling at me. "Is that a beach?"

Verdehan misses the joke. His big gnarled hands slide to the next picture.

"That's the new modern airport they got there in Daytona," he says.

"Planes land there, I'll bet," says Covert.

Verdehan shuffles through some more pictures of trees and beaches. Then he comes to his "criminal pictures." He puts his big face close to mine and says:

"See that. I'll bet you don't know what that is, do you?"

I look down at a very conventional hookah.

"No," I say.

"Jeepers," says Verdehan. "That is a bowl . . . they call it a bowl. It's what they smoke marijuana out of. I got this picture on a good bust I got a couple of months ago. Got two ounces."

Soon we are walking up and down Exchange Street. The bars are humming.

"I love this work," Verdehan says. "I give any guy a break. But if he takes

advantage or tries to use force . . . forget it." Like all the other members of the Punch Squad, Verdehan is fond of telling stories about his most violent fights. He gets halfway into one (". . . so I get him in a chicken hook, and start pulling him down Exchange. . . .") when the radio crackles.

"GD-10 to Portable-3." Verdehan takes out his pocket radio, pulls up the antenna and answers the desk.

"Bob, get down to the old Temple Theater . . . quick . . . somebody just drove a car through the window, and there's a big mob of people out front."

We make it to the top of the alley and look down Exchange Street. Three blocks away there is a white car on the sidewalk, its hood stuck inside the Temple Theater. Shattered glass and pieces of wood lie all around it.

"Let's go," says Verdehan.

We start running again, down past the Paddock. A few town women with teased blond and brown hair come out of the Paddock and raise their glasses to Verdehan.

"Hurry . . . we're safe," one shouts. "Big Bob's here."

Verdehan doffs his cap, and we run across Castle Street to find Covert, Trickler and Steve Pesarek (Verdehan's nephew, who had told me Verdehan was "like the Marines to me when I was a kid, which is probably why I joined the force") talking to the crowd.

"Anybody hurt?" Verdehan says.

"No," says Covert. "They grabbed the girl and took her up to the station. The car belongs to these guys."

Two black boys about 18 came toward us.

"We was jes in Moon's drinkin'," says the young one, "when this friend of ours comes in and says, 'Didn't I jes see you go by?' I said, 'No, we been in here.' 'Well somebody has got your car then,' he said. We went outside and there it is . . . she's coming down Exchange Street, and she is jes going round and round and round . . . and then wham . . . she takes off across the pavement, takes off this fire hydrant clean, and smashes right through the building."

I walk around to the driver's side of the car. The doors are bent into a V. Inside the Temple Theater are a couple of barber chairs. Sitting there next to the front fender of the car they look like some kind of junk sculpture.

Suddenly from behind me, Detective Simon is on the scene. He bounces around on the balls of his feet, snapping pictures with his Polaroid camera. The crowd circles around, pouring out of Cliff's and Moon's. Two girls, with ratty looking bleached-blond hair and shiny looking miniskirts revealing their fat white legs, come forward out of the crowd. One of them looks quite upset.

"Where did you guys take our friend, Patchzes?" she says.

Simon doesn't answer. He keeps snapping pictures.

"I said where did you take her?" the girl says loudly.

Simon, who is noted for his hot temper, turns and tells the girl that her friend is in the station and to go away.

"You can't keep her there," the fat blond says.

Behind her a black man tries to pull her arm and calm her down.

"Let me go, Sugar Bear," she snarls. "I want Patchzes. These white mutherfuckers can't keep her in jail. She didn't do nothin'."

"Look," Simon says. "She's in the station, which is where you'll be if you don't keep your mouth shut."

"You can't scare me. I'm only asking a question," the girl says.

"Go home, or you'll be up in the station," Simon says.

"I can ask all the questions I want," says the girl. "You don't scare me."

"That's it," says Simon, his eyes popping out. "You're going up to the station. Let's go."

He drops the camera on the roof of the battered car and goes after her. She tries to pull away but he catches her and is dragging her toward the door.

"You white mutherfuckers," she screams. "You white assholes."

She hits Simon in the side of the head, and then digs her nails into his temple. Blood flows from his scalp. Trickler and Covert grab her from behind and struggle with her. People pop out of the tenement apartments above Demming's Hardware.

"You rat finks . . . we'll get you all," they scream from their windows. "Especially you down there taking notes."

Suddenly I feel like the police; what was only a routine investigation of a rather un-routine car wreck has become a possible riot stituation. But who had caused the riot?

At the station, while the two girls screamed, incomprehensibly, "white mutherfuckers" at the police, I asked Simon if it had been really necessary to arrest the girl.

"Yes," he says, in his short-breathed Cagney manner.

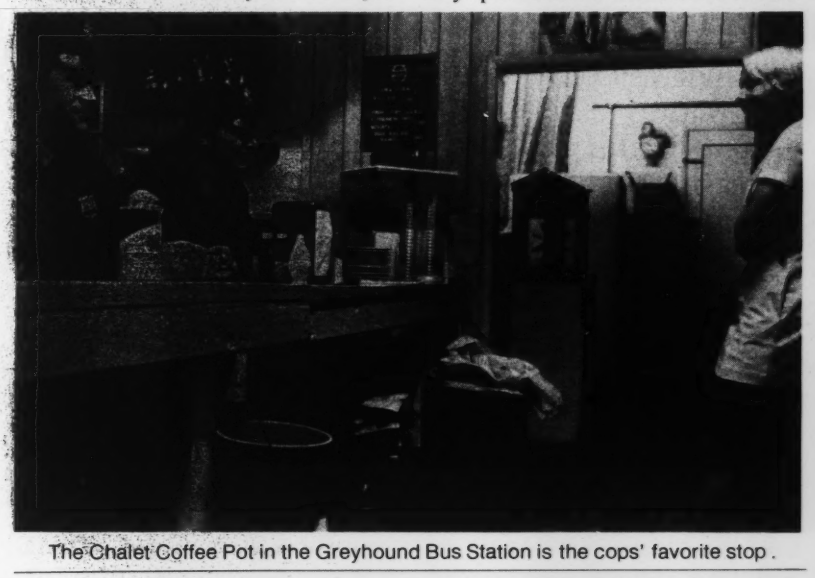
"She was harassing us. You let one harass you and you got a riot on your hands."

"Yes," I say, "but she was really only upset about her friend. I don't understand why you just didn't ignore her. She was just badmouthing you, showing off."

Simon doesn't answer me. He takes the two black boys who claim to own the car into his small office for questioning.

Inside the desk room, the police are laughing it up. They seem happy to have been involved in the scene. Most of the concerned townspeople are filing out now, and order of a sort is once more restored. I look at Trickler and Verdehan and Covert, and they all smile at me.

"I told you," says Verdehan, sticking his big, handsome, brutal face close to mine. "There ain't nothing like this job. I wouldn't trade it for anything in the world. You got your outdoors, you're doing one hell of a public service and you got the action. I like that most of all. I love the action."●



The Chalet Coffee Pot in the Greyhound Bus Station is the cops' favorite stop.

The gourmet freeze-out

Whether you pay $1 or $20 for a restaurant meal, the odds are increasing that the food on your plate comes from a thaw-and-serve package

By Phyllis C. Richman

"Menu fatigue? Have a 'gourmet day' and feature 5-oz. portions of Armour Veal Cordon Bleu" at a cost of 49 cents a serving, suggests a restaurant trade magazine advertisement. From Duluth to Danbury, restaurants do just that: pull their house specialties from a freezer and pop them into a microwave oven to present with a sprig of parsley and a bill of $5 or more.

In 1973 sales of frozen entrees to restaurants were estimated at $1.25 billion a year. By April 1974, 2.5 billion portions a month were being sold in commercial food service outlets.

While restaurateurs claim that frozen entrees are rarely found above the McDonald's and Howard Johnson's echelon, the producers are churning out carloads of beef Wellington, coq au vin with wild rice and chicken Kiev—hardly the mainstay of the low-price family restaurant menus. Pronto, a division of Hershey Foods, which does a $35-million annual business in convenience foods, produces a minimum of 500 cases of each of its 300 entrees: from Italian sausage and peppers through beef with marchand de vins sauce. Four new items are added weekly. Pronto sends 2,200 cases of lasagne alone to New York City restaurants every week.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture reported over 2,430 different frozen entrees on the market in 1973. Said a Sara Lee spokesman, "You can buy almost any Italian dish you want frozen." You can also buy Chinese, French, German, Swiss, Greek and Jewish dishes.

In Washington, D.C., a major restaurant food broker claims that frozen entree sales to tablecloth restaurants have increased 300 percent in one year. "We do a fantastic entree business here, but it is not talked about. The majority of restaurants use some preprepared entrees." Another Washington distributor sells over 6,000 portions of frozen chicken Kiev a month, most of it for banquets, but some to Washington's highest priced restaurants. Sam Martin, editor of *Quick Frozen Foods* magazine, estimated that 80 percent of the tablecloth restaurants use some frozen entrees.

"The use of frozen foods is not secret in the industry," said Phil Stuart, vice-president for marketing at Marriott, which sells $10 million worth of its products per year outside of its own chain restaurants. "The only ones keeping it a secret are the restaurants." A Pronto spokesman insisted that "more convenience foods are sold in fine restaurants than is readily apparent," and told of a prominent hotel manager who uses 150 convenience foods and wishes more were available.

People in the restaurant business know that chain restaurants, from Howard Johnson's to Hilton, use predominantly frozen foods. A former chef at Washington's Hilton and Sheraton Carlton hotels claimed that virtually all of their foods were frozen. Indeed, one patron who complained about the New York Hilton's cheese fondue was told by the chef, "I followed the directions on the package." Besides stocking the kitchens of its Hot Shoppes and Fairfield Inns, Marriott sells its frozen entrees to executive dining rooms such as IBM, Exxon, Celanese and AT&T. Country clubs are also considered big users, as are caterers and dinner theaters.

Since Armour "went the gourmet route" with its Continental Cuisine in 1969, non-chain restaurants have increasingly joined the thaw-and-serve club. *Coast* magazine reported last June that 350 restaurants in San Francisco alone, including Tricolor, Dave's Carnelian Room and the World Trade Club, use frozen entrees. A check of Washington's top 100 restaurants revealed 23 that were almost certainly serving heat 'n' eats, judging from their menus. Out of the 20 top restaurants listed by Washington *Post* restaurant critic Donald Dresden, at least one, Le Consulat, serves frozen chicken Kiev and veal Cordon Bleu. In New York the Top of the Sixes and Top of the Park—both with top-of-the-heap prices—have featured freshly defrosted specialties. And at Tarkington's Restaurant on New York's upper east side, the convenience food buffet proved so popular that their a la carte menu was expanded to quick-thaws as well. Chi-

ILLUSTRATION BY BERNIE LETTICK

Phyllis Richman writes a food column for the Washington Post *and is a contributing editor to* The Washingtonian *magazine.*

ILLUSTRATION BY BERNIE LETTICK

cago's Executive House was reported to be serving frozen entrees as far back as 1970.

Robert H. Kaiser Associates, a management consulting firm which organizes frozen food operations for restaurants, has been hired by the Alexander Hamilton Hotel in Patterson, New Jersey; the Guvnor's Grill in Syracuse, New York; the Nassau Beach Hotel and Paradise Island in the Bahamas; the Stratfield Motor Inn in Bridgeport, Connecticut; Washington's L'Enfant Plaza Hotel; and New York's Warwick and Summit hotels.

In Annapolis, Maryland, patrons often line up for an hour to spend an average of $6.85 on fresh-from-the-freezer seafood at Busch's Chesapeake Inn, which serves about 1,000 customers a day with never more than three cooks in the kitchen. A source who insisted on remaining anonymous reported that Baltimore's Pimlico Hotel restaurant (which occasionally manages to find a table for Frank Sinatra despite the usually full house) relies on frozen foods, as do Harvey House and the Chesapeake, which recently burned down.

Hundreds of companies manufacture frozen foods for restaurants. Several of the largest—Armour, Stouffer, Sara Lee, Green Giant, Howard Johnson's, Del Monte, Heinz, Swift and Carnation—also make frozen foods for home consumption. While there are slight differences in production techniques, the difference in taste is not apparent to the consumer. For restaurant markets, the prices are lower and the choice is wider.

In trade magazine advertisements, manufacturers emphasize that their products, having been "made from scratch," are full of honest, homemade flavor. Only a Sara Lee can afford to pay a chef $75,000 a year, the argument goes, but financially struggling restaurants can buy a piece of that talent for very little. Thus, every Howard Johnson's diner benefits from the creativity of Executive Chef Pierre Franey, who moonlights on the pages of *The New New York Times Magazine.* The result, freshly made and flash frozen to -10 degrees, is superior to what a small restaurant could ever hope to produce on its own, according to the manufacturers.

No advertisement mentions what goes into those boil-in-bags and aluminum foil packets other than peak-of-freshness raw ingredients. They do not mention the stabilizers, emulsifiers and flavor enhancers that allow a delicate sauce to absorb the trauma of a temperature change from -10 degrees to 180 degrees without curdling or breaking down.

In Marriott's 7½-acre factory known as Fairfield Farms Kitchen, there is an American primitive painting near the entrance that salutes "Home Cooking." Marriott distributes 400 different frozen foods on a national basis, yet its own top restaurants, such as New York's Essex House and Washington's Capriccio and Hogate's, shun convenience entrees. For the restaurants that use Marriott's entrees, they recommend that the chef (or whoever does the thawing) add a bit of wine or spice to individualize his product. As Marriott puts it, it's necessary to take a bland, middle-of-the-road approach when cooking for a mass market.

Inside the factory, 500 gallon kettles are filled with sloshing liquids which will soon be transferred to packaging rooms through enormous metal pipes that would do a sewer system proud. Moving from one kettle to another becomes an olfactory guessing game: a dark, heavy smell, vaguely meaty. Brown gravy! Score one. What is that lumpy broth? An odor of ultra-sage. Must be turkey stuffing. Score two. An undefinable liquid spewing forth islands of orange foam. The visitor cannot guess. Neither can the tour director. Must be what is known in the trade as an "Italian profile sauce." The cinnamon smell of apple pies clears the nostrils. Bathtubs of defrosted apples swim in a gummy sea. They are vacuumed into battalions of crusts, sealed and refrozen. In the butcher shop frozen meat from Australia, New Zealand and South America is ground, shaped and packaged without ever being touched by American hands. Although the hamburger sizes vary from 1.6 to 2.28 ounces, they are all the same meat, whether served in Roy Rodgers or Fairfield Inns.

One patron who complained about the New York Hilton's cheese fondue was told by the chef, "I followed the directions on the package"

Upstairs is where all that home cooking is developed. Taste-testing is done daily, with the failures often sold at a discount to schools and universities. A recipe card for the brown gravy downstairs reveals turkey essence, chicken base and cream sauce base. Nobody says what's in those bases. Browsing among the bottles of ingredients for recipe-testing, one is tempted to wear rubber gloves. Mustard oil: "very irritating," according to its label. Silicone deformer is "not to be added directly to products for internal use." Sorbistat warns, "harmful to the eyes."

There is greater safety, if not comfort, among the flavorings. Parmesan replacer powder. Imitation chocolate. Tomato extender. Soy sauce powder. Lemon emulsion. Banana crystals. Imitation chicken, garlic, onion, pineapple, maple and cherry.

People eat with their eyes, says many a restaurateur. So Marriott stocks its share of egg shade and chocolate shade colorings. For the convenience of the convenience food company, the dairy ingredients Marriott uses for baking are spray dried. Undefined suspension agents and stabilizers hold it all together.

Marriott has its standards. There are some things they just won't make for freezing, although other companies have no such compunctions. Pork products tend to turn rancid, yet pork kebabs Hawaiian, roast loin of pork and pork with stuffing are produced by several competitors. Marriott's chicken products are boneless, since chicken bones blacken with freezing. Potatoes turn mushy and onions tend to impart an off-flavor, so both are avoided in stews. Peas have tiny pinpricks, which ensure they'll puff up rather than shrivel. Marriott attempts to cover its products' surfaces with sauces to prevent dehydration.

Since flour-thickened sauces do not freeze well, other starches—often corn derivatives—are used instead. Various additives give frozen sauces their characteristic sheen (which a clever cook will disguise by adding a little butter before serving).

Until recently, the diner has had nothing to trust but his own palate—or allergic sensitivities—in discerning frozen from fresh entrees. The use of frozen foods in restaurants has generally been kept secret from the dining public, though there have been leaks. "Restaurant people will stand up and scream and say that they do not use them," warned Helen Sandstadt, editor of the trade magazine *Cooking for Profit.* Now, however, the restaurateurs' nightmare is at hand, so the drawbridges are being closed and the leaks plugged in a last-ditch effort to keep the public uninformed.

In California "truth in dining" bills, requiring restaurants to note on their menus which items were prepared off the premises and frozen, have been presented to the San Francisco Board of Supervisors and the state legislature. The day the hearings on San Francisco's bill began, the marketing directors of the major producers were reported to be in meetings all day when the press tried to reach them. By the end of the day, Del Monte's subsidiary,

O'Brien, Spotorno & Mitchell, refused altogether to talk to a reporter. Local distributors not only declined to give out any information, but asked not to be quoted when they had disclosed no more than the fact that they did sell frozen entrees.

Last February, a Maryland bill similar to San Francisco's died in committee. Arthur Alperstein, who introduced the bill, attributed its demise to the fact that four members of the committee own restaurants. New York City Councilman Carter Burden is working on a similar ordinance.

Restaurant spokesmen who oppose these bills are caught in their own contradictions. They justify the use of frozen foods by extolling their quality, claiming that they are fresher than many fresh foods and better prepared than many on-site products.

"I've had an awful lot of bad food in scratch cooking outfits," said Robert Kaiser. Yet he finds an apathy toward convenience food entrees among tablecloth restaurants because the products are not good. Using a panel of professionals and laymen to taste-test hundreds of frozen restaurant foods for clients all over the world, Kaiser found less than 15 entrees that could be considered acceptable to a tablecloth restaurant. In all, the entrees "were not particularly good." One of the best was Celeste sausage pizza, familiar to supermarket shoppers, who hardly give it raves. Also "not bad" were Celeste beef ravioli, Pillsbury precooked breaded fried chicken, Lady Astor chicken leg stuffed with apples and almonds and Idlewild coquilles St. Jacques. His panel did not like any of the chicken Kievs, which are aimed primarily at high-priced restaurants.

Restaurants use convenience foods not because they are better, but because they are cheaper and, of course, more convenient than employing a competent staff. The usual excuse is that chefs are hard to find. "They're like dinosaurs," claimed Marriott's Phil Stuart. "Kids today don't want to work that hard, and it is

So you want to open a restaurant. Buy a microwave oven and freezer, and stock up. For a personalized touch, you might hand print your menu. Here is a small sample of what you could offer:

La Maison Frigide

Appetizers

Oysters Rockefeller, Mornay, Bienville or Provencal	...$3.50
Clams Oreganata or New England	...$3.25
Escargots Bourguignonne	...$3.50

Seafood

Stuffed Shrimp	...$6.50
Breaded Filet	...$5.75

Fowl

Fried Chicken	...$4.75

Beef

Beef Stew	...$5.75
Salisbury Steak	...$7.50
Short Ribs	...$6.00
Steak-shaped Hamburger, with or without grill marks	...$6.00

Specialité de la maison

Crêpes à la Reine, Bengal, Georgia, Lombardi, Normandie Rangoon or St. Michel	...$6.50

The International Entrees

Continental

Turkey Roulade w/Spinach or Italian Stuffing	...$5.75
Coq au Vin	...$6.00
Beef Wellington	...$8.00
Beef w/Madeira Sauce	...$7.50
Bracioli (stuffed beef rolls)	...$7.00
Short Ribs Jardinière	...$6.50
Bouillabaisse	...$5.75
Stuffed Peppers	...$4.75
Lumache (stuffed pasta shells)	...$5.50
Fettuccine Alfredo, white or green	...$5.00
Empañadas (beef turnovers)	...$5.50
Seafood Polynesian	...$6.50

Russian

Beef Stroganoff, with ground meat in strips or chunks	...$7.25
Stuffed Cabbage w/Sweet & Sour Sauce	...$5.50

Mideastern

Stuffed Grape Leaves	...$4.75
Barbecue Meatball & Turkey Kebabs	...$5.50

not a glamorous job. Time is on the side of the frozen food manufacturers." Furthermore, with frozen entrees you don't have to worry about the chef getting sick or quitting.

A convenience-food restaurant can get by with one cook if necessary, in addition to saving on equipment, utensils, energy, hot water, air conditioning and dishwashing. *Food Service Marketing* magazine suggested, "By learning to shift to others much of the scratch production busywork, management can concentrate on the vital business of generating pleased patrons in the front of the house through sound merchandising programs." In other words, there is more time for selling whatever it is that you are defrosting.

Wondering what all the fuss was about, a Sara Lee spokesman remarked, "Housewives use all kinds of frozen food. Doesn't it make sense that the restaurants do, too?" Ultimately, the industry falls back on the argument that the customer does not really care.

"Do you go out to eat or just to go out?" asked Steve Laine of the International Food Manufacturing Association. Then he answered himself, "Food is only one component of the dining experience."

"People aren't concerned about frozen food as long as it is wholesome and tastes good," elaborated Helen Sandstadt. "Besides, after drinks and wine, nobody can tell it is frozen food unless it is very bad."

For all their convenience, foods are not headache-free. Restaurateurs worry about the foods thawing in transit, then being refrozen, which sometimes happens. Helen Sandstadt is concerned about the restaurant's handling of the food. "You must carefully, carefully heat it so you don't wreck the stuff." Overcooking is a problem; one minute extra cooking can be crucial. There are more problems, even after proper reheating. Although Libby's advertises that its lemon-sauced fish can be held a day after thawing, defrosted products tend to deteriorate rapidly, some becoming dry, soggy or otherwise inedible in as little as 15 minutes. And occasionally there is the ultimate embarrassment: a diner biting into the still frozen center of his entree.

What infuriates even those diners who find frozen foods palatable is the price markup. According to Helen Sandstadt, fancy items such as veal scaloppine with spinach and mushrooms or coq au vin with wild rice cost restaurants 55 cents a serving, but plainer items cost far less. Pronto's most elegant entrees, such as beef stroganoff and beef Burgundy, sell for 13 to 16 cents an ounce, or 50 cents to $1.60 a serving, depending on the restaurant's generosity. Other sources quoted up to $1.10 for top-of-the-line items like chicken Kiev. At least in Washington, diners pay $4.20 to $8 for frozen entrees in the city's "better restaurants." One San Francisco restaurant was reported to be selling frozen chicken Kiev for $14. While it is true that the labor, overhead, bread (perhaps a homemade-looking frozen mini-loaf for 3½¢ a serving) and maybe a frozen vegetable or salad are included in the retail costs, a diner might judge those items with a keener eye if he knew what proportion of his bill they represented.

An industry spokesman, who declined to be named, described the progressive addiction of the restaurateur who experiments with convenience foods. First, he uses convenience components in his cooking. The $50 a day Sagamore Hotel on Lake George in New York, for instance, uses canned pie fillings and canned mashed potatoes along with prepacked soup bases and frozen vegetables. The next step is combining prepared sauces with frozen meats and vegetables to create such instant delicacies as veal Oscar. Thereafter, they edge toward labor-intensive entrees like lasagne or stuffed peppers. "Then they start going to Swiss steak. Once they've made the commitment, they want to expand the menu," said the informant. They turn to beef Burgundy and stroganoff. Along the way they have to reduce the kitchen staff, because they cannot justify the cost of prepared entrees while supporting a full staff. Once the staff is reduced, there is no turning back. They are hooked. In the death rattle of on-site cooking, they turn to frozen egg salad and tuna salad.

Sometimes a restaurant buys convenience foods as a means of distinguishing itself from other look-alikes. Thus, a steakhouse adds veal parmigiana, veal Cordon Bleu, sauerbraten, lasagne, shish kebab, cornish hen with wild rice and maybe a seafood crepe or newburg. Before long, a dozen Olde English Pubs serve steak, lobster tails and identical lists of Continental Specialties. At Sara Lee, a spokesman explained that if you go to an American restaurant with steaks and chops and Mexican tamales, it is a safe bet that the chef is using frozen tamales. "You know he didn't turn into a Mexican tamale shop." *Quick Frozen Food*'s editor Sam Martin, noting that most expense account restaurants use frozen entrees, suggested that any restaurant which has 50 or more items on the menu has to use frozen entrees. "There is no way they can do all those things from scratch."

How can a diner avoid frozen entrees? Marriott's Phil Stuart, who prefers non-convenience restaurants like Washington's Jean Pierre, recommends, "When in doubt, you eat eggs." Of course, there are frozen omelets, too. ●

Ferreting out the frozen entree

Every food processor, distributor, food magazine editor and restaurateur interviewed maintained that people cannot tell the difference between frozen and freshly prepared entrees. Yet almost all of them claimed that, because of their special expertise, they could tell. Some volunteered that they could even guess the brand.

New Times readers can learn to spot defrosted dinners with a few clues and an investment in some mediocre restaurant meals. Here is how:

1) Ask the waiter. He probably won't tell you.

2) Size up the menu. If it is primarily simple grilled foods, with a few odd assorted international entrees, you can guess that those entrees are frozen.

3) If there is an enormous menu, 50 items or more, be wary.

4) Proceed with caution if there is only one dish in a category; for example, one chicken (Kiev), one veal (Cordon Bleu), one Italian dish (lasagne), one German dish (sauerbraten), one Chinese dish (sweet and sour pork). You are on the frozen-food trail when those dishes are labor intensive ones like stuffed chicken legs.

5) If you are suspicious, ask for a variation on the dish, such as the sauce on the side or shish kebab without green peppers. If there are no substitutions for accompanying starches (noodles, dumplings, rice), that may mean you are getting one of the newer entrees, which package everything, including garnish, in a complete kit.

6) Watch for dried out edges, mushy potatoes, shriveled peas, blackened chicken bones, curdled sauces, fat or water oozing from sauces.

7) Uniform pieces of meat and vegetables are a tip-off, though companies now rough-cut vegetables to fool you.

8) With practice, you may be able to distinguish a blandness of texture and flavor, a softness of vegetables and a taste of additives or starch. With pork, ground meat or sausage mixtures, watch for a rancid flavor.

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Here's What You Do

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Or . . .

- Check the box marked "Choose any child who needs my help," allowing us to assign you a child from our emergency list.
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- The opportunity to write directly to the child. You will be given the mailing address and detailed instructions on mail to your child's country.
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NT1990

That Championship Season

In the aftermath of Notre Dame's first undefeated season in 25 years, a sex scandal has decimated the team— and threatens to destroy the school's reputation for moral superiority

Robert Sam Anson

National Championship night: New Year's Eve, 1973, in a cold, rainy stadium in New Orleans, Louisiana. If you are Irish or Catholic or plain believe in magic, well, it's hard to describe it. Except that you feel a wonderful trembling inside, and you are crying and laughing and yelling your lungs out at the same time, because you, and 64 million other people watching on television, know now that, in the end, goodness does win out. Because, in a small way, you have been on hand for the working of a miracle. You have just seen Notre Dame beat Alabama 24-23.

It was like that last year, that championship season at Notre Dame. For the first time since 1949, the Fighting Irish of Coach Ara Parseghian had gone undefeated, ten picture perfect wins, climaxed by that heart-stopping triumph over Bear Bryant's Crimson Tide. A euphoria settled over the South Bend campus the likes of which had not been seen since the Golden Years of Knute Rockne, the tough-talking Norwegian genius who invented the forward pass and vaulted a small Catholic college hidden among the Indiana cornfields into the national imagination.

And this season was, if anything, supposed to be even better. Only a handful of starters—none of them key players—had been lost to graduation. Every major pre-season poll picked Notre Dame to repeat as National Champion, largely on the basis of its star-studded sophomore corps. The Athletic Department publicists talked confidently of the "Era of Ara," in tones once reserved for The Rock himself.

But on July 25, the cheering stopped.

In a terse, carefully worded press release that day, the university announced that it had suspended "for a minimum of one academic year" a "small number of students" for "a serious violation of university regulations." The next morning, the *South Bend Tribune* reported that the unnamed students were, in fact, six sophomores on the football team, and that an 18-year-old high school girl had charged them with gang rape.

The names the *Tribune* listed as the alleged assailants read like a veritable Who's Who of the football team. There was Al Hunter, who had run a 93-yard kick off back for a touchdown against Alabama, and Luther Bradley, the phenomenal defensive back who had intercepted two passes, forced one fumble and recovered another against Southern Cal, and Ross Browner, who had started every game as a freshman and had racked up most tackles for loss of anyone on the squad, and Willie Fry, a defensive end who had been president of his high school class and a member of the National Honor Society, and finally there were Don Knott and Roy Henry, one a halfback, the other a quarterback—they, too,would have seen much action during the coming season. And now, according to the *Tribune*, they had been accused as rapists and suspended from school.

Apart from the identity of ballplayers, the *Tribune's* story provided curiously few details. One fact the *Tribune* neglected to mention altogether: the girl was white; her alleged attackers were black.

It was a story, however, that could not be buried long. Not when the National Championship was at stake. Not when the "subway alumni" would want to know what had happened at the university they had always claimed as their own. Within hours, the story was crackling over the wires and out on the airwaves. In Denver and Chicago, the story played on the front pages. In New York, the *Daily News* assigned four reporters to the story, and splashed "Sex Scandal at Notre Dame" across the sports columns. That night, Walter Cronkite made the suspensions and the girl's accusation part of "the way it is." The *Tribune* reporter who had broken the story found himself giving half a dozen interviews to half a dozen major publications in a day. *Esquire* geared up to do a major expose.

Then, quietly, the story died. The phones stopped ringing, the reporters went away. In South Bend, there were a few predictable racial remarks—"what did Notre Dame expect, letting in *those people* in the first place?"—but, for the most part, people were forgetting. The incident was rapidly becoming a bit of history, something to be set down in the record books, reduced, finally, to nothing more than a crude joke. "They shouldn't have thrown them out," went one popular line around campus. "They should have penalized them 15 yards for piling on."

The girl's attorney, a Notre Dame graduate named Patrick Brennan, an-

ILLUSTRATION BY LESTER GOODMAN

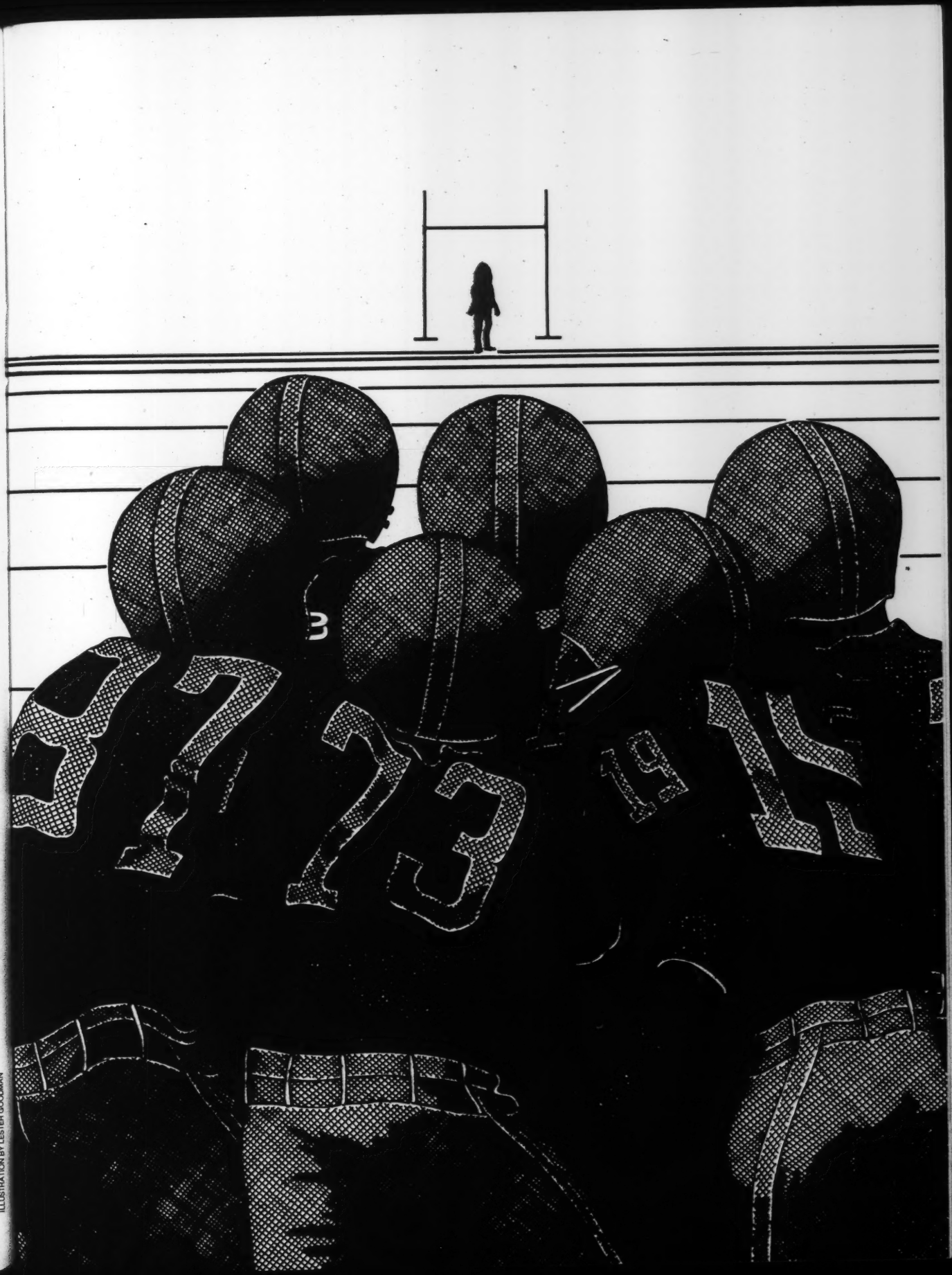

ILLUSTRATION BY LESTER GOODMAN

nounced that his client would not press charges, now that the university had punished the students. The county prosecutor, William Voor, a Notre Dame alumnus, said that was fine with him. The editors of the *Tribune*, a paper owned and published by a university trustee, told the reporter that they would print no more stories about the incident unless he developed "fresh, hard" information, which was okay with the reporter. As it happened, he too, was a Notre Dame man.

Life, in short, returned to normal. A few weeks later, the Notre Dame bookstore was doing brisk business with the parents of incoming freshmen, hawking everything from "Number One" sweatshirts to National Championship beer mugs to "genuine stereophonic" recordings of the Notre Dame fight songs. Old Notre Damer Joe Doyle, Sports Editor of the *Tribune*, expressed many people's sentiments by quoting a well-worn football adage: "We'll just have to suck it up and go out there and play."

There remained only one question: what *did* happen in the early morning hours of July 4th on the Notre Dame campus?

Officially, the university has refused all comment beyond its original press release, which pointedly noted that a "criminal matter" was not involved. Unofficially, various administrators, officials and deans have insisted that the football players were involved in nothing more than an old-fashioned gang bang, with the young lady not only a willing but an enthusiastic participant. Sex of any kind is forbidden on the Notre Dame campus, and it was for having sex in their dormitory room—an offense which the football players freely admitted—that the six jocks were suspended. Notre Dame President Theodore Hesburgh emphatically states that rape was not involved, and that the university is prepared to produce "dozens of eyewitnesses" who will back up the story.

Hesburgh's conclusions are based on an hour-long personal interview with the six football players, along with an investigation conducted by his Dean of Students, John Macheca, a gung-ho former university public relations man who served a stint in the early sixties as a South American operative for the Defense Department's super-secret National Security Agency. Macheca himself will say nothing about his investigation, save that it was undertaken. Various campus sources, however, say that Macheca interviewed 20 or more football players, including the six and a number of other eyewitnesses. Sources close to the case say that, throughout the investigation, no university official spoke either to the girl or her parents. Hesburgh himself professes neither to know or care. He says testily, "It's irrelevant . . . I didn't need to talk to the girl. I talked to the boys."

The boys, not surprisingly, told Hesburgh what they apparently told everyone else, including Macheca, their coaches, their counselors and their friends. Namely, that it was not rape.

So far at least, such is the story that nearly everyone on campus seems to believe. By Notre Dame standards, it makes sense: the townie temptress come to seduce the big bad jocks. Football groupies have long been a fact of life, and the phenomenon is hardly confined to South Bend. Every year, Parseghian and his assistants warn the players to stay clear of them, and every year they are back, the teased-hair beauticians and waitresses who lounge in hang-outs like Giuseppe's or prowl the rim of the campus in their aging Impalas.

It was just such a girl, the stories go, who took on six of Notre Dame's finest in a third floor dormitory room during the early morning hours of July 4th. "You know the kind of girl she was," smirks a source in the Athletic Department. "The kind who walks around with a mattress tied to her back." His appraisal is one of the kindlier ones. As classes reopened last month, rumors wafted across campus that the girl either had (a) a police record with two arrests for prostitution (b) an abortion(s) or (c) both of the above. "When I first heard about what happened," says one liberal professor, "I just assumed that what was involved was another queen of the slums."

She was, in short, a slut, looking for it—literally begging for it, in some accounts—and she found six healthy young men, far from home, on a summertime campus all but deserted of women, only too willing to oblige. As for the original rape complaint, that is written off as a father's anger that his daughter had been sleeping with blacks.

To date, there has been no public rebuttal to this scenario, nor does anyone seem anxious to find one. The county prosecutor, deep in a re-election campaign, officially declines all comment, saying that, in the absence of a sworn charge, the matter is out of his hands. The sheriff's office, which received the original complaint, is similarly tight-lipped. Though police complaints are ordinarily available for public inspection, the records of this particular case have been removed from the files and sent to the prosecutor's office for what is described as "special handling."

The concern is understandable. For there is a second version of what happened that hot July night on the Notre Dame campus, and it differs explosively from the first.

The story, as laid out by a source in the prosecutor's office intimately involved with the case, and confirmed by a police investigator, goes like this: the girl had been dating one of the football players, and, after finishing work late the evening of July 3rd, drove to the Notre Dame campus to see him. They made love twice on his dormitory bunk. Then, the student excused himself for a moment and left the room, leaving the girl alone and naked, save for a sheet she had wrapped around her body. At this point, another football player entered the room. He and the girl knew each other, but had never dated. They began quarreling, and he threatened that, unless she submitted sexually to him, he would throw her out the third-story window. Then, the rape began, with four other football players ultimately joining in. In all, there were eleven separate acts of intercourse. While all this was going on, a number of other football players drifted in and out of the room. Once, a player offered the girl a blanket, but another player snatched it away. Later, a white player entered the room, bent over the bunk and asked the girl in a whisper if she wanted to leave. When the girl said nothing, the player returned to his room, without bothering to inform university officials, an omission for which he was subsequently placed on probation. Long after midnight, the girl finally left the dorm and drove immediately to Memorial Hospital in South Bend, where she was treated (no bruises or torn clothing were found), and later released to her parents. Concludes the source in the prosecutor's office: "In my opinion it was rape. But proving it is another damn thing."

Neither is there much doubt in the minds of some of the girl's friends. Immediately after the incident, she talked with two of them, and, as they repeat the story she related, the motive for the alleged attack was not so much pleasure as revenge. The girl—let's call her Mary Ann—is quoted as saying she met two of the football players several months before while having cokes one night with a female classmate at Barnaby's, a beer and pizza place near the campus. The classmate had been dating one of the players. Later, the classmate became pregnant, and asked the player for money to pay for an abortion. When the player refused, the classmate turned to Mary Ann, who was by now friendly with one of the other football players, and asked for help. Mary Ann, in turn, called the player, asking him to pay for her classmate's abortion. When

The suspended six

Luther Bradley

DHB . . . Sophomore . . . 19 . . . 6-2 . . . 200 . . . Muncie, Ind.

"A two-year football and basketball captain and three-year track captain at Munice Northside High School . . . will provide experience at safety after starting as a freshman . . . led squad in interceptions (6) and passes broken up (11) . . ."

Ross Browner

DE . . . Sophomore . . . 20 . . . 6-3 . . . 232 . . . Warren, Ohio

"Returns with experience for his second year to give the Irish another quick defensive line . . . led the squad in tackles for loss with 15 for 104 yards . . . one of the most highly regarded prep players . . . also a three-letterman in track . . ."

Willie Fry

DE . . . Sophomore . . . 19 . . . 6-3 . . . 227 . . . Memphis, Tenn.

"Could challenge this season for the starting position . . . an outstanding scholar-athlete while attending Northside High School . . . won nine letters . . . Outstanding American High School student and Outstanding Teenager of America . . ."

Al Hunter

HB . . . Sophomore . . . 19 . . . 5-11 . . . 189 . . . Greenville, N.C.

"Will always be remembered by Irish fans for his record-setting 93-yard kickoff return for a touchdown against Alabama in the Sugar Bowl . . . should challenge for one of the starting jobs, combining his speed and quickness as a real threat . . ."

Dan Knott

HB . . . Sophomore . . . 19 . . . 6-1 . . . 202 . . . Chowchilla, Calif.

"Saw most of his action last fall with the junior varsity . . . the second-leading rusher on the team with 183 yards on 43 carries, a 4.3 average . . . won nine letters at Chowchilla High School . . . lettered last winter with the Irish track squad . . ."

no photo available

Roy Henry

QB . . . Sophomore . . . 19 . . . 6-1 . . . 199 . . . New Orleans, La.

"Has the potential to put himself in contention for a backup job at quarterback . . . had a good spring and saw considerable action in the Blue-Gold game . . ."

the player refused, Mary Ann threatened to expose him to the university.

Eventually, the player is said to have put up some money for an abortion. But, according to Mary Ann's friends, the incident was not forgotten. Months later—the night of the incident, when Mary Ann turned up in the dormitory room of another player—it was the player who had been embarrassed into paying part of the abortion fee who walked in to find her alone and defenseless, claim Mary Ann's friends. As they quote Mary Ann, the player grabbed her around the throat, cursed and threatened her. It was then that the punishment allegedly began: gang rape.

In a courtroom, of course, it would be the word of a single girl against that of "dozens of eyewitnesses," including some of the most respected names on the Notre Dame football team. Add to that the fact that Mary Ann admits going to the room voluntarily, that she knew at least two of the players involved and that no evidence of physical force was later apparent, and it is small wonder that both the prosecutor and the girl's attorney, a former prosecutor himself, recommended against pressing charges. Nor did the girl's parents relish the prospect of having their daughter testify in open court about the details of eleven separate acts of intercourse. Finally, there is the ugly imponderable: race. How would a middle-American jury regard a white woman who was dating a

black man? The answer is unfortunately self-evident. "Tell me," a prosecutor asks a visitor, "what is it that white girls see in black boys?"

Yet, even if there was no legally provable case, some troublesome questions remain. The girl herself, for instance. For all the stories about her at Notre Dame, Mary Ann does not fit the stereotype of a groupie on the make. A check with the South Bend police department reveals no criminal record. The assistant principal of her high school likewise adds that she was never in trouble there. The rumored abortion seems to have been for her girlfriend, not herself. As for the theory that she was a "queen of the slums," precisely the opposite is true. She comes, in fact, from a tight-knit, conservative, middle-class white-collar family, which resides in typically suburban comfort in one of the best sections of town. At school, she received several awards, racked up straight A s her senior year and was awarded a scholarship to college. The prosecutor describes her as "a cute little kid." And, in her yearbook pictures, that is how she appears: a smiling, long-haired blond, blessed with All-American good looks.

Then, there is the aftermath. Two days after the incident, Mary Ann, described as "dazed, silent and withdrawn," checked back into the hospital, this time in the psychiatric ward. She remained there nearly a month, suffering from what her psychiatrist diagnosed as "shock and severe depression." No evidence to confirm nymphomania was observed.

To this day, the identity of the girl has been carefully protected. At the suggestion of police, her phone number—she is now enrolled as a freshman at a midwestern university—has not been listed, both as a protection from crank calls and those of more serious intent. According to the girl's closest friends, one death threat was made in the weeks following the incident.

All of this is unknown at Notre Dame, where, in the face of an official news blackout, students and faculty have been relying on gossip and rumors.

The one official who will speak is the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., Notre Dame's President. Hesburgh declines to be interviewed in person, but, by phone, he puts his unhappiness on the record. "It is perfectly clear it was not rape," Hesburgh insists, adding that any news story which alleges it was would be grounds for a "major lawsuit" by the players, which the university would "back up." "It's easily provable," he warns. "You will lose it dead hands. There will be big (financial) damages. I'd like to be the attorney."

In a subsequent telephone interview, after being appraised of the specific allegations made against the students, Hesburgh again warned: "If you print that, you'll only be hurting the boys, and you may be hurting yourself." The university's irritation at the prospect of publicity was further communicated when Macheca grilled the editor of the student newspaper about what he knew of the *New Times* story, who was being interviewed and "what line" the magazine intended to take. A source at the prosecutor's office, who had initially been helpful in reconstructing events, was far more guarded after he received a call from a university official inquiring about the magazine's interest in the case. Similarly, a source at the county police, cooperative in a phone interview, was subsequently forbidden by his superiors to talk again.

Football is vital to the university, and any damage to the team is a wound felt by all. Particularly, it is a matter of dollars and cents. The team is a money-making enterprise, paying not only for itself, and all the other varsity and club sports which lose money, but bringing in a profit to the university every year of a quarter of a million dollars—not counting the commercial spin-offs, like last season's "National Championship Coloring Book," which was printed at a cost of 36 cents and sold for $2.50. In a winning season, alumni contributions also have a way of going up. The renown the team brings to the university is, if anything, even more important. At least twice a year, the team appears on national television (fee each outing: a reported $225,000). A Notre Dame TV "network" rebroadcasts videotape highlights of each week's game to 85% of the nation, while a 380 station radionet broadcasts the games live—a media saturation unique among American universities.

"It is hard," says one disgusted academic official, "to imagine a more gross event"

In the end, it all adds up to a substantial payoff for the university, and a tradition as hallowed as any in American sport. Rockne, the Gipper and the Four Horsemen are not merely Notre Dame alumni, they are living incantations, to be summoned up as symbols of everything that is great about the university. "You can snicker about football all you want," says a recent graduate of the university. "But don't kid yourself. Football is the thing that keeps this place from being just another Holy Cross."

During the late 50's and early 60's, Notre Dame's football fortunes went into something of a decline. But in the last decade, under the tutelage of Ara Parseghian, the Armenian Protestant who came to Notre Dame from Northwestern in 1964, the sport has enjoyed a fresh resurgence—too much resurgence for the taste of some members of the university, who fret over the annual pursuit of Number One ranking and the frequent New Year's Bowl bids, which, after long being banned by Hesburgh as violative of "the real meaning of the game," are now being accepted when the national rating is at stake. One university administrator last year thought he detected an unhealthy "swagger" about some of the athletes and privately expressed his concerns to the Athletic Department as well as to Hesburgh himself. Another development which worried even the Athletic Department was the NCAA's reintroduction several years ago of freshman eligibility. "It's just not good," says one faculty member who is close to a number of players. "Eighteen year old kids right out of high school just don't have the maturity or the experience to handle the instant adulation that comes from being part of a national championship team." As it happens, all six of the suspended players had played on the varsity squad last year as freshmen.

University administrators are confident that football has been kept within manageable bounds. While Notre Dame athletes enjoy varying degrees of fame, in addition certain perquisites – namely, special tutors and "steering" towards classes taught by sympathetic professors—they are relatively well-integrated into the university community. As proof of their ordinary status, Athletic Department officials like to point out that when Notre Dame jocks, including super-heroes like Ralph Guglielmi and Joe Heap, have run afoul of university regulations in the past, they have, on occasion, been suspended or banished from the team.

There has, however, never been an incident quite on the scale of the July 4th gang bang. Initially, there were fears in some faculty quarters that with the new season approaching and defense of the National Championship at stake, pressure to either ignore or mildly punish the players would be irresistible. Parseghian did his best to minimize the damage, first with the prosecutor's office ("Of course, he was upset," one prosecutor said. "What we were talking about would take away most

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of his defensive team"), and then, once it became clear that there would not be criminal charges, with the university. Parseghian reportedly argued with Macheca that the very fact that the students involved were football players made theirs a special case. "Any other student is not going to suffer adverse publicity," he later told a reporter. "They have the traumatic experience of having their souls bared to the nation. . . .Because they were football players, they suffered greater indignities." At most, Parseghian asserted, the six

While liberal in many respects, Hesburgh takes a decidedly hard line on sex. Women are allowed to visit men in their rooms, but must evacuate the premises by midnight. To ensure that nothing illicit occurs when they do come calling, a "no-knock" clause is written into every student's dormitory contract permitting the good fathers to burst in on their charges unannounced. Twice in the last two years, students have been summoned up on sexual charges. In one case, a French female graduate student who admitted that a man had been living in her room was suspended from the university and not invited to return. In the other, a young man and his fiancee were caught sneaking out of the dorm one morning on their way to Sunday mass. He, too, was suspended and never returned.

(left) Hesburgh claims that the university can produce "dozens of eyewitnesses." (right) For Parseghian, the problem is the soap operas "these women watch all day."

should have been barred from living on campus, put on strict probation, suspended from the team for a year and placed in a rehabilitation program—the "equivalent of elaborate redshirting," as one Notre Dame alumnus put it. A delegation of 20 of Parseghian's players visited the Dean of Students and demanded even milder penalties. But Macheca was unimpressed; his verdict was expulsion.

The players' and Parseghian's last recourse was Theodore Hesburgh, the Holy Cross priest who has led Notre Dame the last 20 years. Only he could lessen the Dean of Student's penalty. It was an ironic court for appeal. Hesburgh, far more than anyone else, has been responsible for Notre Dame's dramatic transformation from a Midwestern football factory to a forward-looking center for Catholic intellectuals—albeit intellectuals who can run, kick or pass. Personally, his integrity has never been seriously questioned. He maintains a deserved reputation for principle, a reputation that was only enhanced when President Nixon fired him from the Chairmanship of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission for criticizing the Administration's stance on civil rights.

By comparison, the case of the football players was, by the university's own standards, far more serious than either incident. The fuzzy question of whether or not the girl consented throughout was, from a disciplinary standpoint, almost immaterial. The undisputed fact was that there had been a gang bang, staged as a semi-public event, with "dozens" of other students on hand for all or part of the proceedings. "It is hard," says one disgusted academic official, "to imagine a more gross event."

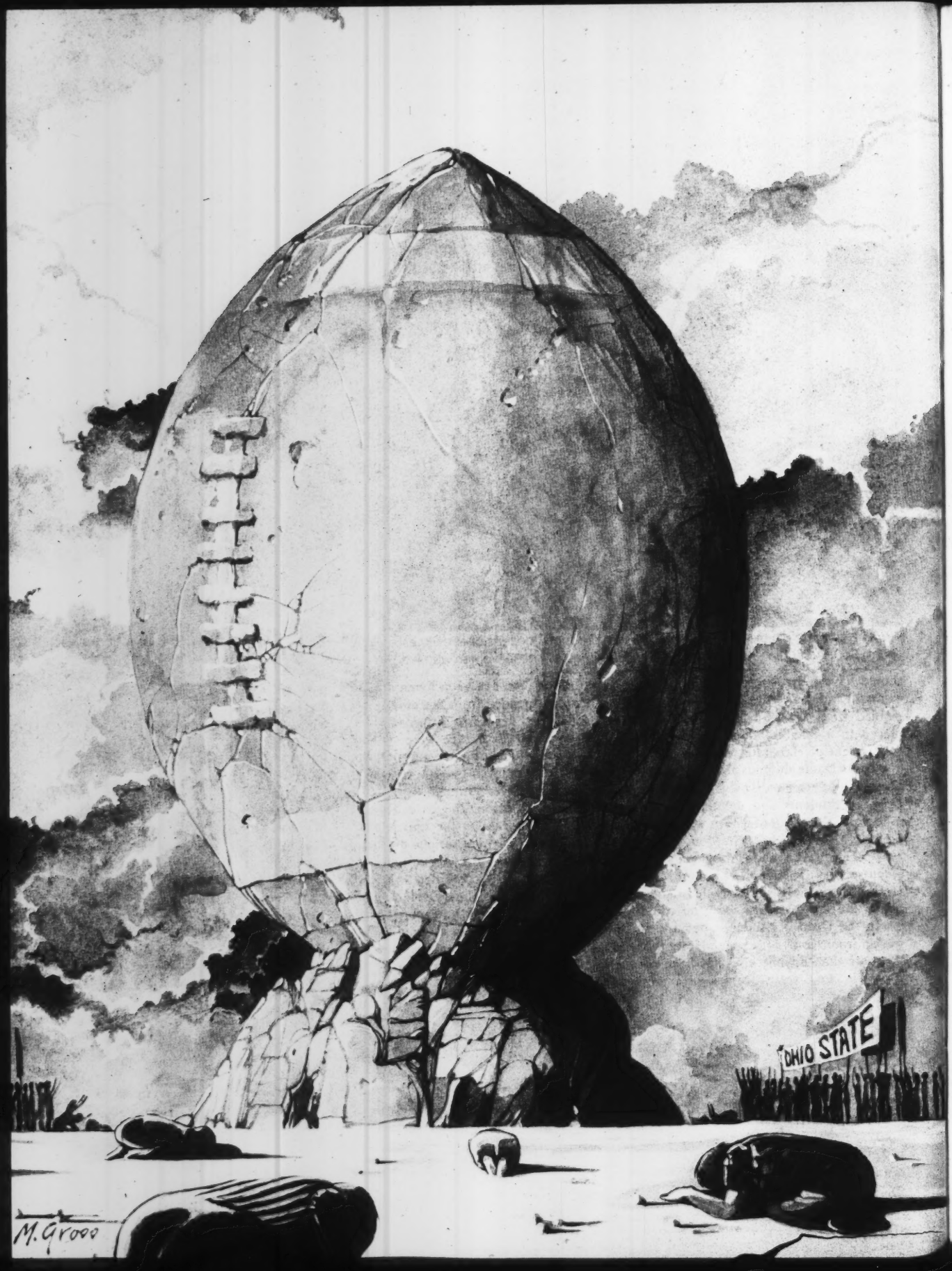
Yet, Hesburgh overturned Macheca's punishment. What prompted his decision, says one of his closest aides, was "compassion," an explanation more cynical observers on the Notre Dame campus, well aware of football's unique clout, find difficult to accept. A university administrator, conceding that the circumstances involved in the case were "special," is unable to recall a similar situation in which such "compassion" was displayed. Perhaps significantly, the relative generosity shown to the football players was preceded by a personal appeal to Hesburgh by Parseghian himself. "Would there have been as much lobbying on behalf of ordinary students?" muses an academic official who favored expulsion. "Certainly not. Would the result have been any different for ordinary students?" He shrugs: "That is an open question."

If Hesburgh did go easy on the students because they were jocks (or, as some sources at the university suggest, because they were black), many others on campus wanted to go easier still. "Okay, what they did was wrong," says one of the editors of the student newspaper, "but what do you think would have happened to them if this had been one of the big eight schools? Nothing. Nobody would have even noticed. They would have laughed."

Of course, none of the big eight schools won last year's National Championship. And none of the big eight schools claim an abiding interest in their students' moral lives. Notre Dame does. That involvement is, for many Catholic parents, one of the university's chief attractions. According to Hesburgh, it is the thing that makes Notre Dame "a family" not only different from the Harvards and Yales and USC s, but better. "A Catholic university emphasizes moral leadership, commitment to justice, integrity and honor," Hesburgh said in a recent interview in the *Wall Street Journal*. "If ever we needed education that is sensitive to higher values, it's today. Everyone in Watergate was a product of the universities, some of the best, yet they showed a monumental lack of perception of values."

When six of its star football players were involved, Notre Dame's perception of values was, if not quite like that of the Nixon White House, akin to, say, Woody Hayes' Ohio State. So far, the most profound public comment about the affair has come from Parseghian, who ascribes the whole mess to the loss of moral standards—among women. "I had a few days off a while ago," Ara recounted to a reporter after the incident, "and the television was turned on to the soap operas, and I couldn't believe my ears. That's what these women watch all day, and it's all things related to sex."

For Ara, there is one consolation—the knowledge that all six of the suspended players vowed to return to the team next season. And this season? Ara, ever the coach, puts the best possible face on his troubles. "Sometimes," he declares, "adversity can make a team more determined."●


OHIO STATE
M. Groo

Footballtown, U.S.A.

In Columbus, Ohio, football is about the only thing that matters. As far as almost everyone in Columbus is concerned, that is exactly how it should be

By Robert Vare

On October 18, 1970, Thomas Harrington, a student at Ohio State University, was driving his 1962 Volkswagen to campus when he was flagged down by a Columbus policeman and arrested for violating Section 2343.02 of the city's municipal code. The charge: public obscenity. Caught up in the spirit of the football season, Harrington had pasted a popular pro-Buckeye bumper sticker to his windshield. The sticker bore the simple imperative: FUCK MICHIGAN.

Judge James A. Pearson, presiding over the case in Franklin County Municipal Court, took note in his ruling of the prosecution's argument that no word in the English language was more obscene than *fuck*. The judge went on to cite the prosecutor's definition of the word as a slang term for sexual intercourse.

But, said Judge Pearson, following the obscenity guidelines of the pre-Nixon U.S. Supreme Court, "We must consider the material as a whole." The judge reasoned that applying the prosecution's own definition, Thomas Harrington's bumper sticker could only be interpreted to mean, "have sexual intercourse with the state of Michigan." This, he said, "is absurd."

Next, the judge examined the question of whether the sticker appealed to a prurient interest in sex, given the standards of the community in question. Quite the opposite, he said, considering "the prevailing mood" of the citizens of central Ohio before an Ohio State-Michigan game.

"Mr. Harrington's bumper sticker," the judge wrote in his opinion, "accurately expressed the derogatory nature of this mood toward the University of Michigan football team and the state of Michigan as a whole.

"Most of the people of Ohio," the judge added, "would say that Mr. Harrington's bumper sticker also had redeeming social value."

Case dismissed.

Had the bumper sticker contained the word *America* instead of *Michigan*, it is likely that Thomas Harrington would still be serving time. That's the way it is in Columbus.

Not long ago, Albert Schwartz, preparing his doctoral dissertation in sociology at Ohio State, made a study of Columbus's connection to football. Schwartz polled about 2,000 randomly selected, adult, Columbus area residents—men and women, white and black, white- and blue-collar. Of those questioned, 85 percent said they had seen at least one Ohio State football game in person at Ohio Stadium. Without having researched other communities, Schwartz says he could not imagine so large a proportion anywhere else in the country.

Schwartz also found that football interest in Columbus is so extensive and ingrained that people are "not free" to say they are indifferent to the Ohio State team.

"If a person expresses no interest, he is going against huge normative social pressures," says Schwartz. "He is in the category of a freak."

More than 50 percent of the subjects responded that the Ohio State football team was their Number 1 topic of conversation. Businessmen and professionals contended almost unanimously that a lack of familiarity with the Columbus football scene would constitute a serious handicap in their work.

Finally, about 70 percent of the subjects said they viewed disinterest in the football team as "downright unpatriotic." That's the way it is in Columbus.

One spring day in 1970 several dozen Ohio State students staged a sit-in, blocking a gate to campus. It was the era of campus activism and all over the country students were protesting the Vietnam War, too much military research on campus and too little student representation in the university power structure.

For a time, the protest was peaceful. The students expected to be arrested, knowing that what they were doing was unlawful and that OSU officials would probably exercise their rightful option to call in police to reopen the gates. That's how the trouble started.

Several hundred Columbus policemen and Franklin County sheriff's deputies—too many of them poorly selected and ill-trained—arrived on the scene not

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This article is excerpted from Robert Vare's book, Buckeye: A Study of Coach Woody Hayes and the Ohio State Football Machine, *to be published by Harper's Magazine Press later this month.*

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL GROSS

only to restore order, but also to impose judgment. In addition to the protesters, hundreds of innocent bystanders were tear-gassed, beaten and arrested. Nine students suffered gunshot wounds and scores of others were injured. In their zeal the police took into custody several newsmen and two plainclothes state patrolmen.

That evening, the righteous minions of local law enforcement lobbed tear gas grenades into those well-known hotbeds of radicalism—fraternity and sorority houses. The crying, coughing, fleeing occupants were then arrested for curfew violation.

Predictably, the post-mortems of city officials and the Columbus newspapers were lavish in their praise of the police, while bitterly decrying the "riot of radicals on campus."

Six months later, almost to the day, more than 10,000 Columbus citizens, many of them students, took to the streets in a demonstration that lasted more than nine hours. Traffic was stopped on High Street, the town's major thoroughfare and main campus drag; motorists watched helplessly as their cars were overturned, defaced and trampled; traffic lights were torn down; store windows were broken and merchandise looted; hundreds of bystanders were assaulted and hit by flying beer bottles and bricks.

It was one of the largest, most riotous mobs in the history of campus demonstrations, resulting in more than $100,000 worth of property damage. Yet this time only a handful of people were arrested by police, some of whom were seen joining the fun. The mayor of Columbus, who customarily answered peaceful protests by deploying club-swinging platoons, was photographed at the scene grinning triumphantly. Ohio Governor James Rhodes, who rarely hesitated to summon the national guard at the slightest provocation—as he did at Kent State University—pronounced it a great day for the state and the university; and the Columbus papers, whose editorials had trembled with outrage six months earlier, casually reported the injury and damage figures under such headlines as VICTORY CELEBRATION BUBBLES OVER.

Unlike the small, peaceful sit-in of the spring, this was a *good* riot—jubilant Buckeye football fans whooping it up after Ohio State had achieved the ultimate, a victory over Michigan.

There are some places where you can do almost anything in the name of football. That's the way it is in Columbus.

Columbus, the nation's 33rd largest metropolitan area, lies flat and dead center in Ohio, the sixth largest state and the world's biggest producer of hothouse tomatoes, business machines, stoves, nuts, bolts, coffins, Bibles and football players. The predominantly white-collar economy of Columbus revolves around the huge state university, 44 insurance companies and politics, the city being the state capital.

Columbus is proud of its small and sometimes dubious claims to distinction. World War I flying ace Eddie Rickenbacker was a native son. So was former Air Force General Curtis ("Bomb North Vietnam into the Stone Age") LeMay. The late humorist James Thurber, who grew up in Columbus and left, constantly poked fun at his hometown, where today he is remembered by a homely complex of apartments, town houses and shopping center called Thurber Village. The city also produced the first Miss America. But the real boast of Columbus is its powerful college football machine. "The Football Capital of America" and "The All-American City," exclaim irrepressible Columbus boosters—in that order.

"It's the greatest goddamn place on earth," adds Buckeye coach Woody Hayes.

It has been said by some that to discover Columbus is to discover America. Others, more cynical, have said that Columbus has yet to discover America.

In the spring of 1970, peaceful antiwar protesters were routed by police. Six months later, the mayor joined in a rowdy football riot

A couple of years ago, Frank Zappa and his California rock group, the Mothers of Invention, played a concert in town on the eve of a Michigan game—THE GAME, as it's called locally. Taking note of the BEAT MICHIGAN banners, bumper stickers and the rest of the anti-Michigan madness all over town, Zappa remarked: "Like what can you say when you're in Columbus, Ohio, disguised as 1955?"

In certain ways the city has discovered modern America with a vengeance. It overflows with high-rise apartment buildings, split-level suburbs, eye-boggling ribbons of concrete expressways, franchise eateries and massive shopping malls. Yet in other ways Columbus is as small town as any village in the cornfields. The city is better scrubbed, less polluted and more complacent than most its size. With suburbs, it's inhabited by more than 800,000 people. A handful of old established families—the Wolfes, the Lazaruses and the Galbreaths—still retain a tight grip by controlling the biggest merchandising, real estate, banking and media outlets. While a gourmet will say Columbus has no good French restaurant and a film lover will say it has no decent art-movie theater, an urbanist will point out it has no deep poverty pockets and no seething black ghettos as there are in say Cleveland, 140 miles to the north.

Good old-fashioned Babbittry is alive and well in Columbus. It's still standing room only when the Rotarians, Kiwanis and Lions get together under the flag to make business deals and talk about drugs, crime, kids-raising-hell-at-home and the cost of no-good-welfare-roll-cheaters. Recent incursions of Appalachians and blacks notwithstanding, WASP and German remain the dominant genes. "No American city of Columbus' size seems so homogeneous and middle class in every way," political writer Neal Peirce observed in *The Megastates of America.*

Front-page headline in the *Citizen-Journal*, August 17, 1973: OSU GRIDDERS WILL GET MEAT. The article informs us that while the rest of Ohio and many parts of the country struggle manfully with the problem of beef shortages, hungry Buckeye football players will not lack for good red meat during their three-week, pre-season training. Paul Althouse, an OSU assistant professor of animal science, vows that the 115-man squad will get its full complement of meat—3,100 pounds of beef, 1,650 pounds of pork and 400 pounds of sausage, franks and cold cuts. Should the usual wholesale butchers fail to come through, says Althouse, the Buckeyes can feed on the 400 head of special-breed, prize cattle grazing on the school's agricultural pastures. Let the people eat macaroni and cheese. Buckeyes eat meat. That's the way it is in Columbus.

Benson Wolman describes himself as "Columbus's oldest living resident native liberal." Benson Wolman is 36 years old.

Since 1969, the boyish-looking, energetic Wolman has been executive director of the Ohio chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union. An outspoken critic of censorship, wiretapping, capital punishment and police abuses, Wolman is more than a political anomaly in ultraconservative Columbus, where even the moribund John Birch Society is said to prosper. Wolman is one of those rare species in

When Jerry Ford visited Columbus on August 30, he had his priorities in good order: he shook hands with Woody Hayes (right), then with the president of the university and the mayor.

town who confess to being "aggressively indifferent" to the fortunes of the Ohio State football team.

"There is no question that Columbus gains its national identity from football," says Wolman, who himself was raised in a household of avid Buckeye fans. "And Woody is a popular municipal hero because he is the embodiment of that identity and because he expresses community sentiment on a wide variety of issues.

"The football mania has diminished, but not all that much," he continues. "Ten years ago the university used to close all its libraries on football Saturdays. Today they keep them open because of a lot of pressure from some academics. But you still don't see too many students in them during those hours. Football is still the secular religion of Columbus and Woody Hayes is its prophet.

"It's interesting to note that Woody and the citizenry here have always been opposed to all demonstrations by groups seeking change, as evidenced by the way the student protests were handled in 1970. But during a football game, when a referee makes a call that goes against Ohio State and the system provides no redress for the team, Woody is the first one to break the established rules by running out on the field or destroying down markers. That, ironically, is the kind of unlawful protest that is usually not tolerated in this community."

In this community only the coach of the football team can engage in acts of civil disobedience. That's the way it is in Columbus.

The last decade has been good to Leslie Wexner, a Columbus businessman in his mid-30s. Ten years ago Wexner opened a small women's clothing store called The Limited. It was in one of the city's big shopping centers and at first it didn't do much business.

Today Leslie Wexner is a multimillionaire, the president of a 40-store chain empire with outlets in Atlanta, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee and Philadelphia. Some day he expects to see his chain among the Fortune 500. To what does Leslie Wexner attribute his great business conquests? To the football philosophy of a man he has never met personally—Woody Hayes.

"Three yards and a cloud of dust," says Wexner rhapsodically. "That's Woody's brand of football . . . not spectacular or exciting but you practice hard and pay attention to the fundamentals. No razzle-dazzle and if you lose, you lose, but not by much. And look at Woody's overall record—wow!"

No frills. Minimal risks. Grind it out slowly. Nose to the ground. The Hayes formula for success on the gridiron synchronizes with Columbus's ideology. To be sure, an occasional disclaimer is sounded that the three-yards strategy has all the excitement of a bowl of shredded wheat. But in general its message connects with a community still imbued with belief in the Puritan ethic: that hard work plus deprivation equals success. "If it comes easy it isn't worth a damn." Woody Hayes said that.

The Woody Hayes football code, like the John Calvin spiritual code, rests upon a dim view of the human condition. Man is weak and error prone. Too much freedom leads to a loss of control and increases the possibility of mistakes. And mistakes lose football games. The forward pass and the multiple offense with great varieties of formations are anathema to Hayes, much as diversion and leisure were to Calvin.

So it is not just that Woody wins—it is *how* he wins. The victories come about by simplicity not complexity, by stolidity not experimentation; by dedication not imagination. This is what stirs the hordes of Ohio State football believers and gives the conquests a messianic aura. The Buckeyes vindicate a way of life, showing the way to get ahead. Just ask Leslie Wexner if that isn't the way it is in Columbus. ●

MOVIES

One for the fans

By Frank Rich

If a lot of movie-industry honchos are walking around Hollywood with sore asses this month, it's probably because they've been kicking themselves silly for not having dreamed up **The Longest Yard** before producer Al Ruddy, director Robert Aldrich and screenwriter Tracy Keenan Wynn got there first. This new comedy is the kind of film that launches mini-conglomerates and tax shelters (if not careers); it's fiscal Fat City all the way. Why? Well, the explanation is easy enough: Messrs. Ruddy, Aldrich and Wynn have finally found the answer to a question that has been traumatizing their industry for some time now—that question being, how do you get those legions of football fans back into the theaters once they've pledged their leisure time to pro games on TV? Solving this problem is the movies' equivalent to inventing, say, the paper clip, or maybe the Big Mac. And the solution proves to be simple, God is it simple—hell, I wish I had thought of it myself, what with a new Great Depression coming on and all. . . . All you do is write a scenario that allows you to turn over a substantial chunk of your movie to an actual, lengthy, zesty, knockout, dragdown (or is it knockdown, dragout?) *football game*. I mean, you fight fire with fire, you bring the mountain to Mohammed, you don't beat them but join them. This is the way you haul in the Big Ones during the Jerry Ford era, this curious time in which we harken back to the great cliches and simple joys of our forefathers. *The Longest Yard* may not be the kind of effort for which a medium was invented, but if it doesn't make a shitpile of money, then candy can no longer be stolen from children and something is rotten in Baltimore.

Of course, money isn't everything—but then, what is? Actually, *The Longest Yard* can be contemplated with some pleasure for reasons other than its awesome earning potential. It's a film of modest merits (semi-amusing, to borrow some Dan Jenkins lingo) with a few big laughs, a few passing attempts at social comment (the passes aren't always completed or worth completing) and one out-and-out star performance (Burt Reynolds). The picture frequently resounds with that raucous, rude energy its featured game is all about, and, misdirected as that energy often is, I doubt the fans (especially those who haven't been to a movie in four or five years) will notice. If anything, critical reactions are probably beside the point when it comes to talking about a film like *The Longest Yard*. It's an event best covered in the columns of the ledger books of the studio that financed it or in those columns of your daily paper's sports page.

Not that the two teams that meet each other for a battle to the death in this film's second half are in any way related to those real-life, major-league outfits that have been multiplying like locusts in recent years. *The Longest Yard* does, it must be said, exercise some of the options of fiction, and the teams it features are composed respectively of the inmates and guards (hereafter known as "The Mean Machine" and "The Guards") of a place called Citrus State Prison, a seemingly maximum-security institution located in the wilds of Florida. Citrus is run by an unctuous, cruel-hearted, Nixon-like (shall we say) warden named Hazen (Eddie Albert, rechanneling some of the soft-spoken arrogance that served him so well in *The Heartbreak Kid*), a man who has some painfully familiar notions about football ("The game embodies what makes our country great," he points out) and who also has a megalomaniacal hang-up so well developed that it might give even God himself a fair amount of pause.

Burt Reynolds and Eddie Albert in Aldrich's *Longest Yard*

Power, for Hazen, is where the action is, which is why he conspires to create The Mean Machine and then pit it against his near-championship, semi-pro team of jailers. ("He gives us a chance to be free for a few hours so he can destroy us," is the way one prisoner sums up the warden's motives.) Of course there's always the chance— just an outside chance, of course— that The Mean Machine, pick-up assemblage though it is, might just turn the tables on foxy old Hazen and screw those nasty guards to the wall, humiliating the hated keeper before he can humiliate The Machine. But this possibility is not taken too seriously by the warden until almost the very last minute— an oversight that is only one of several unexplained holes and uncanny coincidences that punctuate Wynn's screenplay much in the way that those deletions can be said to punctuate this year's number-one literary classic, the White House Transcripts. You shouldn't, however, be too impatient about the incoherencies that crop up in *The Longest Yard*, for once The Mean Machine comes together to start throwing the old pigskin around, niggling matters of logic tend to become irrelevant— it's game time! Besides, you can always push such minutiae out of your mind by watching Reynolds, a comic presence whom you had better start reckoning with.

The character that Reynolds plays is Paul Crewe, an old football pro gone to seed—a superstar who once shaved his mustache off in a TV commercial for $10,000 and who later shaved points off a game, thus ending a glorious career in wholly un-American disgrace. Now it's eight years since his star has fallen, and he's serving 18 months at Citrus for such mundane crimes as having dumped his Palm Beach mistress' Maserati in the ocean and then taken a few boozy punches at the cops who subsequently apprehended him. Crewe is damn tired of explaining to people that he really did shave those points way back when for money and nothing else. He's just an old whore (as one character describes him) who wants to rest in peace, and he's even a bit too cynical to care all that much whether or not The Mean Machine that he recruits and coaches

goes on to win its game (although, this being a movie, Paul's old reflexes can ultimately overcome his sour defeatism). As Wynn has written Crewe, he also has his share of wit—a bitter, survivor's wit that can come to a man who has hit the jackpot, then needlessly thrown the winnings away, but still must go on, pretending to live a life. Reynolds is more than up to this part and, for once, gives a performance that is both unforced and appealing. He doesn't walk through a goof-off routine à la Dean Martin and the Rat Packers; nor does he approach his part so casually that one might confuse him with James Garner (who might have played this role 15 years ago). Reynolds' Crewe is a steady and satisfying job by a man who is relaxed in that way an actor can be when he is secure in his talent and not attempting to exceed that talent's natural limits.

Indeed, Reynolds is so relaxed that he even has a few laughs at the expense of his own carefully crafted, pin-up public personality. An early pre-prison scene shows him passing up the advances of his seductive lover for TV football: "I think the love has gone out of our relationship," Crewe says quite soberly after he pushes his amorous partner from the bed to the floor. This scene may sound too precious, not to mention sexist, to be funny, but Reynolds saves it by eschewing the self-congratulatory, self-merchandizing air that makes most show-biz pseudo-injokes so depressing. "I've always had my shit together, always; my problem is that I couldn't lift it," says Crewe about himself in his one and only introspective moment, and you believe him, even care a little. Reynolds' performance isn't only the most intelligent aspect of this movie, he often seems more intelligent *than* the movie, as if he's saying: "Look, folks, there's a real person I'm playing, and forgive me while I go along with this cockamamie story the gang has written for me." Incongruously enough, *The Longest Yard* presents this star with the opportunity to give what is easily his best performance ever, and, when the movie's over, you leave with the belief that you're going to share many more laughs with this guy in the years to come— assuming that he isn't going to waste himself on more dreck like *Fuzz, Shamus* and *The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing*.

Reynolds' wise clowning is so finely tuned that he brings a sophistication to *The Longest Yard* that might otherwise be absent. Much of the picture is unspeakably corny—team spirit has never seemed more winning, good (in recent years) has rarely wiped out evil so effectively—and, were it not for the language that garnered this film its "R" rating, it might be mistaken for a Salad Days Disney studio comedy, circa 1961. The countless reaction shots displaying Albert's ashen face as he divines defeat in the grandstand during the big game, as well as the use of split screens and slow motion, have more to do with whitebread TV sitcoms than any identifiable traditions of successful film comedy. Stuff like this is surprising coming from Aldrich, a director who has made both tight action pictures (*The Dirty Dozen, Ulzana's Raid*) and notable camp freak shows (*What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* and the sorely neglected *Legend of Lylah Clare*) in the past. *The Longest Yard* is sloppier than the former of these movies and far less personal ("personal," in Aldrich's case, can be roughly translated as "crazy") than the latter. Still, it's nice to see the man turn a buck after his recent string of box-office duds.

One chore that Aldrich doesn't even attempt to take on is to straighten out the screenplay: like us, he holds tight in anticipation of the grand finale. The movie's first 50 minutes—up to the time that The Mean Machine starts working out—don't even establish the properly rowdy tone. When Crewe does an early and grim stint of duty on the prison's swamp-draining chain gang, complete with malevolent taskmasters and a resultant spell of solitary confinement in the "hot box," we're never quite sure whether we're back watching *Cool Hand Luke* or a satire of the genre. (The answer turns out to be neither—the swamp sequence is only an over-elaborate device for effecting a routine plot point.) Screenwriter Wynn also has the annoying habit of dangling funny, *Sgt. Bilko/M*A*S*H*-like characters before us and then dropping them like hot potatoes as soon as they start to arouse our interest. Along the way we meet a hot-to-trot prison secretary with a hornet's nest of a hairdo and itsy-poo voice (Bernadette Peters, doing what appears to be an impersonation of a female impersonator), a Hazen-sycophant who wanders around in silence as he tape records his boss's ponderous utterances, and a cruel inmate who looks like Mr. Clean and often frightens his peers and the guards alike with his bizarre martial-arts gestures. The comic potential inherent in these and other loonies who populate *The Longest Yard* is as enormous as it is unexploited, a failing which suggests that Wynn lacks the skill necessary to juggle too many jokes or people in the air at the same time. One can only speculate on what director-screenwriters like Preston Sturges, Robert Altman or Robert Downey might have done with this same material.

By the time we get to the football field, *The Longest Yard* settles into its true calling, slapstick, and the real fun comes along in the form of scrimmageline fist fights, clothesline tackles and the attempts by various inmates to kick The Guards' star player (played by ex-Green Bay Packer Ray Nitschke) in the balls. Not much happens that can't be anticipated at least a few seconds in advance, but never mind. There are enough gags here to keep you happy until you get home—a reward that pales only if you stop to contrast your own chuckles with that laughter which will no doubt be the special ecstasy of Ruddy, Aldrich and Wynn on their way to the bank.

Antonia Brico still has the clippings, the inscribed photographs, the scrapbooks and the memories. She's 73 now—though she hardly looks it—and lives in Denver, where she teaches and conducts an amateur symphony orchestra. "I have a habit of living in the present," she says, even as she can't succeed entirely at blocking out the past. That past includes a performance as the first woman conductor ever to lead the Berlin Philharmonic (in 1930)—a feat that caused a sensation at the time and seemed to promise a career that would carry her to the headiest realms of the international music world. But then, in the 1940s, that career fell into premature decline, a direct casualty of the refusal of the music world to take its talented women seriously. Antonia Brico may appear more or less chipper these days; she may be a major part of the cultural life of Denver; she may have friends and students who admire her, a lovely home with two grand pianos and a face every bit as strong and intense as the one we see in the newspapers that record her triumphs of 40 years ago. . . . And yet she is also "squeezed [and] frustrated." "I don't talk about it every day," she suddenly confides to interviewer Judy Collins while cleaning up in her kitchen one night. "I don't let everyone know my heartbreak."

Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman is a film documentary about that heartbreak and the woman who must live with it—a woman who can only play her "instrument," the orchestra, five times a year though she knows she has the energy to do so that many times a

month. The movie is a collaborative effort by Collins, the folksinger who once was a piano student of Brico's, and Jill Godmilow—two women who have never directed a movie before and who, as filmmakers in 1974, are unlikely to suffer discrimination quite as ferocious as that which hounded their documentary's subject out of the limelight. *Antonia*, which opens the New American Filmmakers Series at New York City's Whitney Museum with a two-week run on September 18, will be seen nationwide on NET television next year, and, either way, you shouldn't miss it. This is not only one of the best American movies of any kind to be seen this year, but it's also the first American film to deal seriously with women in more months than I'd care to count.

The key to *Antonia*'s appeal, as well as its power, has to do with Collins' and Godmilow's approach to their subject. The picture is intimate and conscientious, as it must be, but the real achievement comes in the way the moviemakers' style reflects the personality of Brico herself. Just as this woman tends to keep her sorrow under wraps as she works out her destiny in the Rockies, so *Antonia* refrains from explicit political tirades and heavy-handed ironies. The movie is also uncommonly well-made. Collins and Godmilow don't rely on a chronological or any other kind of theatrical structure, and instead weave a tapestry that combines sequences showing Brico at work with her orchestra in Denver with sights and sounds from her entire life: current interviews, old newsreels and newspaper headlines, reminiscences about good friends like Arthur Rubinstein and Albert Schweitzer (who, she says, is "hard to explain to people [who] haven't seen his eyes"), and, of course, music, always music. Brico never talks about the women's movement, even though she formed America's first women's symphony orchestra in the late 1930s. (Later she gave the orchestra up—"I'd proven my point . . . I want people to mix in orchestras as they do in life," she explains—only to realize that her dreams of continued success as a conductor of sexually integrated orchestras would never be realized.) It is her experiences with this New York Women's Symphony Orchestra that inspire the directors' one flight of absolute fantasy—a brief animated sequence imagining a "Great Kettledrum War of 1937" in which Brico's drummer might triumph over a male counterpart in instrumental combat to silence the sexist critics of that somewhat less enlightened time. Later on, Brico herself tops Collins' and Godmilow's radiant outburst of humor by sitting down at her piano and banging out some jazz numbers—"After You've Gone" and the like—and singing them, too, in her own approximation of a vaudeville belter's voice. "I'm not so sure I want that public, dear," the fiery heroine says as she finishes a song—but public it all is, and this viewer, for one, is truly grateful.

Buster and Billie is a wildly uneven and often fairly silly attempt by director Daniel Petrie and screenwriter Ron Turbeville to run off with just about everything that wasn't nailed down in such past commercial hits as *Last Summer*, *The Last Picture Show* and *Summer of '42*. The action takes place in a verdant, rural Georgia town of the late 1940s—the kind of place where there are dances on Saturday night, fights in the pool hall hang out (which is run by a feisty old father-figure who, of course, has more sense than anyone else in the community) and right and wrong sides to the railroad tracks.

Buster (Jan-Michael Vincent) is the big stud of the local high school's graduating class and likes to do things like play hooky with his sad-sack albino friend, Whitey (Robert Englund, who gives the picture's best performance), because that's the sort of horseplay you can get away with when you're as popular as all get-out. For reasons that are only hinted at in the screenplay (and which don't seem terribly fascinating in any case), Buster also becomes enamored of Billie (Joan Goodfellow), the sublingual town slut, whom he rescues from the clutches of both the local gangbang contingent and her mangy, impoverished parents. As the couple becomes better acquainted, Buster drops his proper upper-crust girlfriend (Pamela Sue Martin, a graduate of *Our Time*, another recent high-school nostalgia effort—some career!) and causes general consternation among the snootier townsfolk. Soon Buster likes Billie so much that he takes her to church and buys her her own drink of Orange Crush, the bottle of which Billie retains as a cherished souvenir.

The movie is full of profound-sounding homilies ("You can't think about life, you just got to live it," says the hero) and ends on a note of grotesque tragedy that is neat and pseudo-meaningful, besides being far easier to write than an actual resolution of the picture's central relationship. Before things get all serious, however, there are some funny sequences concerning the vagaries of adolescent behavior, and there is also a jarring interlude of frontal nudity, which, in this *Waltons*esque environment, kind of takes your breath away. Since that episode has little to do with anything else in the picture, there shouldn't be any problem in snipping out the footage for TV—which is, I expect, the natural home for a movie like *Buster and Billie*.

I doubt there's much room in the marketplace for a picture like **Bank Shot**, a flimsy family comedy that at best aspires to raise a few giggles in the tradition of movies like *The Russians Are Coming* and *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* and at worst strives only to keep its audience awake. On the other hand, it's worth noting that this entertainment lacks both the violence that informs most movie cartoons and the showbiz cynicism that is the stuff of garbage like *For Pete's Sake*. Wendell Mayes' screenplay (from a novel by the prolific Donald E. Westlake) doesn't contain a single distasteful moment—and how many bad movies can that be said about this year?

The story concerns a lovable group of cons led by George C. Scott (outfitted with bushy eyebrows) that attempts not to rob a bank, but to steal a bank—a whole bank. You can guess the rest. Joanna Cassidy is Scott's love interest, a giggly lady with a horny mind; though it's impossible to gauge her skill as a comedienne on the basis of this performance, she works awfully hard and proves to be far more enchanting than she has any right to be. This being a "PG" movie, Scott never quite succumbs to her charms—we're told that he has had too much saltpeter at the penal institution from which he has recently escaped—and I must observe that such abstinence seems damn foolish under the circumstances.

Gower Champion, who once caused a tizzy on Broadway by directing Carol Channing to descend a red staircase during the second act of an old-fashioned musical, has nothing so flashy up his sleeve these days—just a dab of slapstick here and a few nondescript car chases there. This is not to say that undemanding eight-year-olds might not eat *Bank Shot* up, and, should they do so, there's no need for parents to worry about harmful side effects once the kids have come back home.

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TV

Prime-time fallout

By Lewis Archibald

Surely among the least unsung events that make up the Great Yearly Rituals in the American Home is prime time Premiere Week on the boob tube. Coming usually after the kids have gone back to school but before the storm windows have to go up, it constitutes one week—this week, in fact—of utter chaos. Dinner hours must be reset, bedtime for the kids must be re-regulated and just about everything else stays in flux until we've all decided just who (if anyone) we want to spend the next 52 weeks staring at. As a culture shock, Premiere Week ranks significantly above the change of seasons and only just below the change of Presidents.

This time around, there will be 24 new shows and 39 old ones. Viewers will somehow have to come to grips with the fact that Miss Kitty's no longer at the Long Branch, Rhoda's no longer in Minneapolis, Kojak's no longer on Wednesday nights and Lucy's virtually deserted TV altogether. Otherwise, this isn't much of a time for startling innovation. In fact, you really should call this the Year of the Retread. Of those 24 new shows, there's hardly one that isn't a rip off, a rehash or a residue of series already on the air. Thanks to the success of *Kojak* last year, there are four new detective shows (*The Rockford Files, Harry-O, Nakia* and *Manhunter*) plus several police ones (*Kodiak, Policewoman* and *Get Christie Love*). Because of *The Waltons*, there's now The Waltons Go West (*The Little House on the Prairie*) and The Waltons Turn Emigrant (*The New Land*).

There's also *Emergency* outdoors (*Sierra*), Sonny without Cher (*The Sonny Comedy Hour*), a Chicano *Sanford and Son* (*Chico and the Man*) and even updates of *Mr. Novak* (*Lucas Tanner*), *The Defenders* (*Petrocelli*) and *Route 66* (*Movin' On*). Successful films have spawned series (*Planet of the Apes, Born Free* and *Paper Moon*), as have *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* (*Rhoda*) and a TV movie that *wasn't* meant to be a pilot (*The Midnight Stalker*). In fact, even those shows that look as if they might be just a little different turn out to be rewrites underneath: *Planet of the Apes* is using the format of *The Fugitive*—this time in the land of simian solidarity. As one network executive put it, "This year we aren't trying for imagination. All we want is diversity."

They'll be lucky if even their ratings are diverse. Last year, of 20 new shows, only three survived cancellation. The year before, the score was a bit better: 8 for 20. The odds are that of the new shows, better than 50 percent won't be around at this time next fall. And for the returning shows, the record isn't much better: 20 to 30 percent of them should fall by the wayside in the coming year. Why is this? Well, the show's rating is the obvious answer, but it goes much deeper than that. You have to look at the programming factors that conditioned the rating.

The biggest ploy in the game of creating a schedule is counter-programming. That, according to Fred Silverman, CBS' program chief, is when "you're putting a show on the air that has got an appeal that is counter to the other dominant show in the time period," i.e., the action-oriented *Emergency* opposite *All in the Family*, or this season's *Planet of the Apes* vs. *Sanford and Son*. The woman's comedy *Maude* opposite NFL Football on Mondays is another example.

But there's also the other side of the coin. Head-on programming usually occurs when two shows of proven ratings and similar type are moved opposite each other in a battle to the death. *Kojak* will take on *Columbo* that way this fall. And then there's the lead-in factor, or the amount of audience a good show can generate for what follows it. And also such placement rules as, according to Silverman, "when you start a program in the middle of everybody else's shows, you stand a good chance of losing some of the audience from your preceding show and almost no chance of picking up audience from the competition." Silverman should know. CBS found that out disastrously last year when they started their Tuesday night mysteries at 9:30 while everybody else was in the middle

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of a show. ABC may learn some similar lessons this year.

Add to this the fact that there are certain time periods when a network could put out almost anything and win (between *All in the Family* and *Mary Tyler Moore* on CBS, for example). And then finally there's the demographics question, which primarily affects older shows. Demographics, roughly translated, means the type of audience a show appeals to in terms of age, sex and economic background. Which, roughly translated, means whether the attracted audience for any show has either the cash or the desire to buy the sponsor's product. A show with bad demographics is thus in sponsor trouble, which can mean cancellation no matter how high the rating.

Put these things together, lubricate them with the sort of knowledge of ratings and inside info anyone can pick up in the highways and hallways of television, and a rather surprising possibility emerges: you can just about predict what will happen to old and new shows alike during the season, regardless of their quality and often without having even seen them.

For example, the new *Paul Sand Show* will be a hit because it's got that choice post–the *All in the Family* time slot mentioned above. You could put on a troupe of monkeys reading "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil" at that time and still get respectable ratings. ("We may do that next year," says Silverman.) *Manhunter*, another tough detective show on Wednesdays at 10:00, will probably succeed for the same reasons. CBS hasn't had a flop there in the last four tries at bat and they were all detective shows, too. Finally, on Sundays the viewing audience is so big that for the latter part of the evening it's quite possible for all three networks to get respectable renewal-assuring ratings; it happened last year.

Conversely, a large number of new shows probably haven't a prayer. *The New Land, Sierra, Lucas Tanner* and *Kodiak* are all on opposite big ratings shows and are thus not too long for this world. *The Odd Couple* has always been relatively weak in its ratings and strictly a weekend show to boot, so it well may flounder on Thursdays and take *Paper Moon* with it. The fast-talking lawyers of Watergate could have destroyed any sympathy for the one fast-talking lawyer on TV this fall, *Petrocelli*.

Furthermore, several shows, including *The Sonny Comedy Hour*, have been heavily handicapped by being placed at a time when both other networks have a half hour edge on them. And the common consensus (that means everybody but the network trying to hype the show) is that Heartland USA isn't ready for women stars on action series. So goodbye *Get Christie Love* and *Policewoman*.

You're probably seeing the last of some old shows this year, too. MCA is understood to be very anxious to put *Ironside* and *Marcus Welby* into syndication (where the big money is) and so, barring a real rise in their ratings, those two are probably in their last year. Mike Connors is said to be interested in pulling out of *Mannix* at contract renewal time, too. And shows like *Gunsmoke, Adam-12* and *Medical Center* are considered so demographically poor that just a slight dip in their ratings could send them to the Old Shows' Home. Even series like *Maude* and *Kung-Fu* are thought by Nielsen watchers to have passed their peak and thus they could be in trouble. Particularly the latter, which is up against *Mary Tyler Moore* this year.

In one or two time periods, all the shows appear to be in trouble of a sort. Take Wednesdays at 8:00, where there are three new shows. ABC has *That's My Mama*, a *Sanford and Son-Good Times* look-alike that is considered to be so weak that ABC premiered it a week early in the hope of getting at least a good initial viewing. NBC has *The Little House on the Prairie*, one of their biggest fall hopes but a show that is thought disappointing by Madison Avenue, which has already lost its intitial producer over script problems and can't seem to make up its mind whether to emulate *The Waltons* or *Bonanza*. And CBS has *Sons and Daughters*, a somewhat unlikely combination of *American Graffiti* and *Peyton Place*, a semi-soaper set in the '50s that asks us to wax nostalgic about such things as broken homes and infidelity. None of the shows looks like a big winner, or even all that appetizing. But obviously one of them, at least, will survive (I give it to *Daughters* by a tear). Nor will the loser really be one of the other networks. It'll be us, who have to put up with it all.

"There are certain time periods when a network could put out almost anything and win—between *All in the Family* and *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, for example."

In sum total, then, where does this extrapolation leave CBS, NBC and ABC? Pretty much in that order, as before. With only five new shows and few weak old ones, CBS is generally seen as the easy winner of this year's ratings war. And ABC, with 10 new shows and a couple of shaky old ones, will still probably be third, a place that a surprising number of people allege ABC has come to enjoy since its smaller budgets enable

it to stay tidily in the black. The real loser could be NBC with nine new shows, none of which seems to be in a really strong position, plus a few old shows whose strength is questionable. They've done a clean sweep of programming this year, and the trade consensus is that this makes them rather vulnerable.

Whatever happens, a lot of chafe is going to get winnowed out in the coming weeks. And winnowed out by a machine that none could call truly selective. All the recent statistics—the comparative popularity of second season shows in January vs. last year's high mortality rate in fall programming, the generally lower ratings of even the top shows now as compared to those generated by the big ones in the '60s—just point up the waste that is prime time Premiere Week. Then isn't some restructuring, some unlacing, some releasing of the whole tight premiere concept necessarily due?

Absolutely, says ABC's production chief, Barry Diller: "The premiere week makes no sense, and I hope we can change it. TV programs should be put on the air when they're ready." But the other networks are considerably less enthusiastic. CBS' Silverman thinks that "it works out pretty well as it is," and NBC's Marvin Antonovsky, while agreeing that change might be needed, saw no one really going out on a limb to try it. So for better and worse, things are likely to stay feast and famine in television land. You get the new shows, the big specials, the triple-threat movies and the giant sports events from now through Christmas. Next March you get to pay the rerun piper. ●

BOOKS

The way we aren't

By Geoffrey Wolff

Innocents at Home: America in the 1970s *by Tad Szulc.* Viking (342 pp., $10).

The notion was to approach America as an outsider, to bring the kind of news to Americans about America that Tad Szulc has brought to Americans about Cuba and the Dominican Republic and Spain and Czechoslovakia. Szulc was born in Poland, educated here and there throughout Europe, and became in 1952 an American citizen and foreign correspondent for the New York *Times*, thus joining this country and leaving it till his return in 1969, just in time for the antiwar moratoria and demonstrations of October and November in that year.

In the language of the dust jacket, "He wanted to find out what American society was doing to itself." So he drove back and forth across the country, and up and down in it, and talked with strangers and read local newspapers and listened to regional radio broadcasts. "I tried to go everywhere and meet everybody." He even recorded the wisdom of a Philadelphia cabbie. He plundered the Census Bureau for its statistical trends. He wished to write something like Alexis de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, for our time. He didn't succeed.

Of course there's no likelihood that anyone will ever again write such a remarkable collection of principle and prophecy as de Tocqueville's. When it was finally published in 1840 this country was still a place about which generalizations could be offered, without having to hedge them up with exceptions. Also, de Tocqueville was a genius, a writer and thinker sufficiently gifted to provide specific instances for his hunches, and meanings for his specific instances. Szulc is intimidated, and finally baffled, by both his hunches and the Census Bureau's numbers. At the end of his book, and after three years of work, he comes to this rhetorical question: "Is there a final, firm conclusion to be drawn about contemporary America?" And offers this rhetorical reply: "My own inclination is to avoid sweeping conclusions because they would be inevitably misleading."

He's honest, certainly. His character, on the evidence of this book, is beyond reproach. He's a loving father, who is understanding of his children's life in the counterculture, of his daughter's divorce, of everyone's special problems. He believes everyone is more or less decent, more or less deserving of sympathy, as long as they don't do one another injury. He appreciates The Kids, and regrets the passing of their culture, and "would hate to see another 'silent generation' in my time." He does not hide his "innocence" or his "Jeffersonian optimism." He sees at least two sides to every dilemma. He's very nice indeed, but not

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very useful.

Yeats remarked that rhetoric is "the will doing the work of the imagination." Szulc pumps away, trying to blow sense into phenomena he either cannot understand or cannot otherwise describe. Circumstances are again and again "terrible" or "fantastic" or "enormous." In three separate places he describes the late George Jackson, with whom he visited in prison in early 1971. Jackson is "a man of great brilliance and intelligence." Elsewhere he is "a man of intelligence." His books are "superbly articulated." Yet nowhere does he describe his talk with Jackson, or tell why he is brilliant, or in what way intelligent, or what he believed at all other than that America's institutions would and should fail. It is as though Szulc were writing a job reference for the dead man, or giving a speech at a testimonial dinner. (In a recent issue of *Esquire* Szulc also heaped such unexamined praise on Elliot Richardson.)

His own idea of "heady rhetoric," quoted without the hoots of laughter her words call for, is Bernardine Dohrn's Weatherwoman's "Declaration of War": ". . . Guns and grass are united in the youth underground. Freaks are revolutionaries and revolutionaries are freaks . . ." (Only Robert Benchley could have written it.) He reports, in his baffled, grave, on-the-one-hand-on-the-other-hand voice, about the decline in America's spirituality/the growing spirituality in America, and refers twice to Guru Maharaj Ji, our Enlightened One, our Perfect Master. But he ignores a true act of wisdom and grace, the shoving into the face of the Perfect One a Perfect Pie, fabricated of lime aerosol lather.

As though his readers were not merely outsiders, but beings from the Great Beyond, he brings news of what is too well known: that cities are dirty and noisy, that people from cities are moving to suburbs, where they shop in shopping centers, where they can buy anything they need, where women shop in curlers. (He doesn't approve of women who shop in curlers; he believes women should look their best at all times, a bit of refreshing personal prejudice in a book otherwise so perfectly balanced in its judgment as to enjoy that quiet state we know as silence, or death.)

It isn't Szulc's fault that this book hasn't panned out, nor is it the fault of his publisher. The idea was brave, if not sound, and the author was neither lazy nor wanting in curiosity about his adopted country. He depends excessively on statistics, but two of the most crucial sociological studies of our generation—*The Other America* and *Beyond the Melting Pot*—used numbers to drive their narratives.

What's fundamentally wrong about *Innocents at Home* is its author's determination to be fair to one or the other truth about America. His rhetorical technique is to look first at *A*, then at *B*, to argue first the thesis, then the antithesis. There's a work ethic, but there aren't enough jobs. "The erosion of Nixon's Presidency (not to mention Spiro Agnew's Vice Presidency) obviously undermined national trust in government ethics. And, yet, I felt, this was a basically decent society, willing to question old ideas and accept new ones. So, instinctive optimism about America was pitted against pessimism." Those words close a chapter. What can they mean? (Nixon's thugs tapped Szulc's telephone in 1971; perhaps he began then to speak so obliquely.)

I guess they mean that America is in trouble, but good will may pull us through. This is a nice sentiment, but nothing to build a book upon. The truth is that Americans are diverse as can be, but not diverse in the either/or mold Szulc shoehorns them into. (Only in America could men as diverse as Bob Hope and Bob Dylan be bound up as brothers in the same tax-dodge scheme, and both be burned by it, passing together through the fire.)

Szulc talked to many, many Americans, but he either failed to hear what they said, or fails to report what they said. There are secrets locked in the Census Bureau's numbers, sure enough, but the most useful information about this country is on permanent display, in its manners and through its voices. If it is too much to hope for the second coming of de Tocqueville, it is not too much to expect a messier, truer, funnier account of how we look. Such an account requires the patience and good eye of a wing shooter like Studs Terkel, not the systematic to-ing and fro-ing of such compilations as this.

MUSIC

Nothing too raunchy or tasteless or naked . . . and hence very little of Bonnie Raitt

By Janet Maslin

If one wanted to take Bonnie Raitt's word for it, the truth about her simply could not be told. Even the tamest account of her current attitudes would surely (a) lose her all her friends, (b) terminate her relationship with Warner Brothers on the spot and (c) probably (if anything can be inferred from her general tone), rip the San Andreas Fault wide open, thus causing most of California to be eaten alive. But whatever is going to be said about Bonnie, it had better not be verbatim; not only doesn't she mind being misquoted, she'd actually *prefer* to have her dialogue doctored. "I don't like to read back the way I speak, so if you could possibly turn it all into human sentences I would appreciate it," she explains—verbatim, by the way. No matter what she may think, the truth about Bonnie isn't any more horrible than the way she talks about it ("Have you ever met anybody in the music business that was relatively intelligent before, and two years later they sounded like their brains had been fried?"). Usually, Bonnie Raitt worries much too much for her own good.

She doesn't like to do interviews; at the very least, she likes to edit and/or rewrite them. (This time she's "going out on a limb," having decided to waive her right of approval.) She usually contends there's nothing for anybody to ask her about, and to prove the point she recalls "times when people wondered why I sounded so different since Delaney left."* But right now she is talkative and then some, and worried—with good reason, for a change: her fourth album, *Streetlights*, is on the verge of being released. Bonnie, whose favorite expres-

*That's Bonnie *Bramlett*.

sion is apparently "I don't want to be negative," keeps insisting that she hasn't a single opinion about this record, it's just too soon to tell. She will concede, however, that this fourth album doesn't sound much like the other three. And she knows that hers is an extremely cultlike following, one that calls out during live shows for exactly what it wants to hear, and one that probably won't take kindly to changes in format. So she will also concede, rather uneasily, that she is "expecting a lot of flak."

Streetlights is Bonnie's first foray into slick production, and the one thing she wants to get straight is that it wasn't her idea to try anything of the kind. She has always had complete artistic control over her records—control over who produced her, what material she used, how it was arranged, who the accompanists were and so forth. But her sales figures haven't changed much from the first album to the third (around 100,000 copies each time), and she went over budget on album #3. So Warners offered her extra money this time, provided she'd use a "track-record producer. They wanted a more commercial record out of me."

Quicker than you could ask whatever happened to complete artistic control, there was Bonnie in Manhattan, at the Hit Factory, listening to what Jerry Ragovoy told her. Ragovoy, who is track-record and then some, had never seen Bonnie perform. But he had listened to her previous recorded *oeuvre* carefully enough to tell her that she had made " 'basically the same album three different ways. There's an oldie, a sensitive Joel Zoss tune, an old soul ballad, a Dixieland rocker.' He said, 'I'd like to take you somewhere else,' and I was curious."

Well, where? "Sort of a lyrical funk, he called it—like a Bill Withers kind of groove." That has turned out to mean a lot of strings, horns and backup singers; a rigid homogeneity; nothing too raunchy or tasteless or naked; and hence very little of Bonnie. She plays guitar on only three cuts, mostly used the Hit Factory's session people instead of her usual accompanists, and had virtually nothing to say about the arrangements. Not that she's complaining, you understand—"I tend to be real stubborn and independent, I like to be in control, and so I was almost, uh, *relieved* to have that responsibility taken out of my hands for this particular album." Sure.

One of *Streetlights*' biggest problems, aside from the fact that there's so little of Bonnie to it, is the material. The standard criticism of her earlier albums

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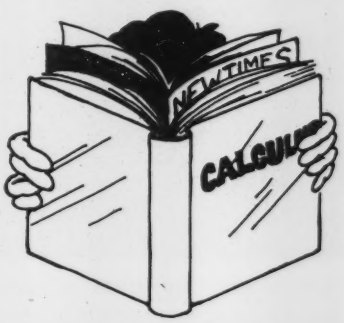

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Bonnie: taking orders from Warner Bros.

was that they jumped around too wildly from genre to genre, something she can hardly be accused of this time (all of Side One nods along at the same genteel, soothing rhythm). She would try almost anything—even calypso ("that was a fluke"), or covering old R and B hits she could just have fun with, if not do justice to. But there was no fooling around this time; Ragovoy has produced some of R and B's finest, and he never would have stood for it. "He knows I don't have a big enough voice for that," she explains, sidestepping the question of why that never bothered her before.

The other thing she couldn't do—and an equally important part of her past formula—was to find any outstanding new material of a "sensitive" (as she puts it) bent. Her favorite young songwriters have been Eric Kaz, Joel Zoss and Jackson Browne, but none of them had come up with anything she felt suited her. (She has written her own material in the past, but doesn't work well under pressure.) Besides, where Bonnie once had the market cornered (remember the middle '60s, when Judy Collins had Leonard Cohen all to herself and first dibs on "Both Sides Now"?), competition has become friendly but fierce. Linda Ronstadt, Maria Muldaur, Tracy Nelson, Rita Coolidge and Bonnie all look for the same kind of songs. All of them save Maria have recorded versions of "Love Has No Pride," an Eric Kaz/Libby Titus song that Bonnie did first and best and thinks of as almost her own.

However *Streetlights* fares, Bonnie doesn't think she stands to lose much. She hasn't let its staidness creep into her live show, and for her, performing always has been the heart of the matter; she thinks of her annual album as "something like a term paper" (Bonnie spent 2½ years at Radcliffe, with no noticeable ill effects), something she has to do in order to keep touring. If this one is less than successful, she could easily go back to the old formula and not feel responsible for the failure; she was, after all, only following orders. If *Streetlights* is a hit, her stock at Warners will be higher than ever and she'll be in a position to call a better shot next time. Either way, she says that "the worst thing would be to have everything determined by two months' work, or to let one Bugs Bunny organization—that's an affectionate term—tell you what to do with your life."

Bonnie never says so, but it's easy to see how much more comfortable she is shrugging her shoulders at potential failure than she would be if she had, say, another *Tapestry* on her hands. Anyone who knows Bonnie knows there's a limit to her ambition, that her present cult-item status may be all she can handle. Anyone who knows her also can't help worrying about her a little; she drinks too much, doesn't rest enough, tends to be self-deprecating ("Woof!" said a tired musician backstage one night, having just completed his set. "Is that a reference to my looks?" Bonnie muttered), has noticeable grey hair at 24 and always comes on like a soft touch. Fans have been known to approach her on the streets of Cambridge, Mass., asking for guitar lessons.

It's finally catching up with her, too; she's developing nodes in her throat that have started to lower and limit her range. Possible solutions include surgery (she is not enthusiastic), a ban on talking (in her case, impossible) and learning how to sing all over again. "All those years growing up with a father who's a singer"—John Raitt, whose style (*Carousel*) never influenced Bonnie though his political and religious beliefs (left-wing and Quaker, respectively) did, and who is now married to a former Miss Nevada only slightly older than his daughter. "Not that I don't get along great with him, but you'd think he could've told me about breathing from the diaphragm."

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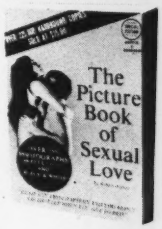

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Lindbergh's clouded horizon

FINAL TRIBUTE

By Mark Goodman

Flight! Magic word! Icarus, challenging the sky. Man has always, like Gatsby, struck his tuning fork upon the stars, sought the heavens as his ultimate destiny. In a sense, the ship was a more courageous invention than the airplane; man has always feared water, yearned toward the sky. Flight!

It was inevitable that those who succeeded where Icarus failed would become our definitive heroes. Enter Charles Augustus Lindbergh Jr., the greatest hero in the history of the world. That is not an idolator's fancy; Lindbergh was scarcely the greatest man who ever lived, nor was his contribution to mankind history's most significant. Heroism has little to do with probity of character: Davy Crockett died at the Alamo as he had lived—a hero, and a hopeless drunkard and wife-deserter. True heroism also lies beyond the reach of those who labor long and painfully (Pasteur, Curie, Salk) in the quest of man's worldly redemption.

What makes a hero? We do; heroism is measured in the worshipful eyes of the beholders. Thomas Carlyle defined it thusly: "The Hero can be Poet, Prophet, King, Priest or what you will, according to the kind of world he finds himself born into." What kind of world was Charles Lindbergh born into? The pulp fiction writers of his time would surely have been abashed at the exquisite perfection of the scenario. He was born in America's heartland of sound Swedish, English and Irish stock. His father, a successful Great Falls, Minn., lawyer and land speculator, stressed the virtues of independence and initiative. Young Charles showed an inclination for things mechanical and a disinclination for formal study. As a child he heard the drone of an airplane, which he later recalled: "Afterward I remember lying in the grass and looking up at the clouds and thinking how much fun it would be to fly up there among those clouds. I didn't think of the hazards—I was just interested in getting up there among the clouds."

It was perfect: a dreamer, a loner, a young man of coordination and mechanical aptitude and iron determination. Of course, he was also 6 ft. 2½ in. high, with an engaging grin and a blond forelock—what kind of hero would Abe Beame make? So came Lindbergh, born one year after the flight of the Kitty Hawk, making his own dramatic flight in the early years of radio. And when, at 10:22 p.m. on May 21, 1927, the Spirit of

UPI

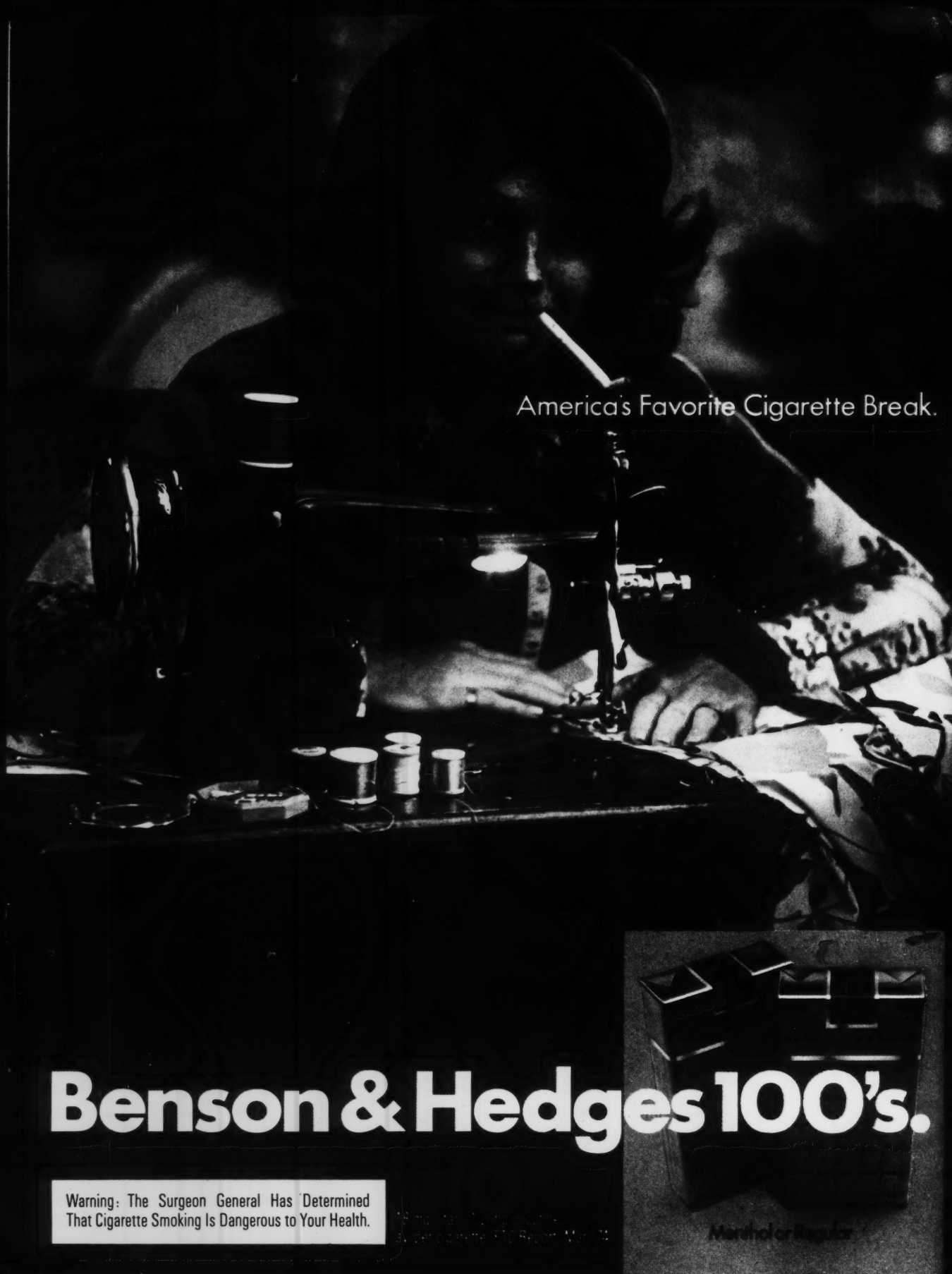
St. Louis circled Paris' Le Bourget field after his meticulously planned, handsomely executed, 33½-hour transatlantic flight, Lindbergh must have realized in an incandescent instant what it was like to romp with the gods.

The trouble with becoming a hero is that you are expected to remain eternally heroic. And the interesting thing about modern communication is that it makes the attainment of heroism relatively easy and its retention exceedingly difficult. George Washington in his time was surely not a hero of Lindbergh's stature—most colonials didn't know Washington from Adams' house cat, and many of those who did feared him. On the other hand, not much of anyone knew or cared whether or not he took his generals' wives (which he did, with frequency and gusto).

It was not the same with Lindbergh. He was a simple man caught up in America's fevered flight toward its destiny, which he never, never questioned. He lived in the glare of the spotlight and the flashbulb (the kidnapping of his son produced not only the Lindbergh Law, but also federal and state statutes prohibiting the use of cameras in court). Noblesse oblige, and Lindbergh flew point for the new nobility; he had to serve. He did so by the Davy Crockett motto: "Be sure you are right, and then go ahead."

Right is an elusive fellow. What if a hero should act unprettily? Lindbergh's love affair with the Luftwaffe and his anti-Jewish statements were not a pretty sight. The country scratched its head: how do you treat an unheroic hero? James Thurber had the answer in his short, savage satire of Lindbergh, *The Greatest Man in the World*: the President has a vile little global flyer pushed out of a hotel-room window. The real Roosevelt refused Lindbergh's application for his old commission three days after the war began.

Lindbergh continued to serve, but quietly—in aviation, in conservation. He stood back and watch men soar higher and higher, hundreds of thousands of miles beyond Roosevelt Field. But those men were not the Lone Eagle; they were team technocrats. How many people remember that it was Neil Armstrong who first set foot on the moon? No one will ever forget Lindbergh's spectacular flight, perhaps man's last great solo adventure in the sky. He was a splendid flyer, but a poor priest and prophet. It was the heroic irony of his life that the hazards lay not in the clouds, but on the ground. ●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